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EVOLUTION OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM

It has been the habit, in recent years, to contrast the statesmanship of the new South unfavorably with the statesmanship of the old. This depreciatory estimate is perhaps, on the whole, not unjust if we restrict our gaze to the Southern representation in Congress under the new order, although that representation has been marked by a high degree of integrity and patriotism. But the really constructive statesmen of the South since the war have not been found in Washington. They must be looked for in the seats of the State assemblies and city councils, on the benches of the higher courts, and in the chairs of the colleges. The ablest Southerners have been so much occupied with legislating in local matters that they have had little time or inclination to interest themselves in national matters. The rising towns and cities, the smoke of innumerable factories, the thick network of railways, the scientific and varied agriculture, the advanced colleges, and the expanding system of public schools,— these are the solid and permanent monuments of the post-bellum statesmanship of the South,— not international treaties, as of old, or vast additions to the public domain, or presidents in the White House, or brilliant orators in the Senate. And they are the monuments, not really because of what they are in themselves, but rather because they have been rendered possible by the wisdom and firmness of the local legislators of the Southern States in fixing the relations of the two races upon the precise footing which the well-being of that section in all its aspects, moral and social, economic and political, called for. Never in

the previous history of those States, whether in its local or national bearing, had a problem of so complex a nature and so momentous an import, been presented to the consideration of her public men; and if in the treatment of that problem they have not won the general reputation for constructive ability which their fathers won under the former system, it is because their efforts have been diffused over a wide and obscure local area, instead of being concentrated in the halls of Congress at Washington.

The most notable achievements of this constructive local statesmanship consist of five great enactments, namely, the practical disfranchisement of the negro, the prohibition of the intermarriage of the races, the interdiction of their co-education, their separation in all public conveyances, and their domiciliary segregation in the cities.

First in importance, because looked upon as absolutely necessary to the preservation of Southern society, was the law which deprived the mass of the negroes of the right to vote. This law belongs to a category of its own. It has no direct connection with the four other enactments I have mentioned, even to the extent of aiming to prevent the blacks from acquiring social equality with the whites, which would follow ultimately,—certainly in a measurable degree,—should the intermarriage of the races, their co-education, and indiscriminate commingling in public conveyances and in residential sections of cities, be permitted. Nor does it seek, like the four other enactments, to promote the peaceful relations of the two races by diminishing the number of points of contact which are likely to cause friction. It is true that the practical disfranchisement of the negro has fostered goodwill between the two, but it has done so by reducing the amount of injury which he could inflict on the interests of the white people.

In passing the act of disfranchisement, the South intended deliberately to repossess herself of a right which the North, in the hour of passion, had taken from her; namely, the right to fix the political status of the freedman. She quietly drew a sponge over all the alien legislation defining that status, leaving it precisely where it was before the Republican majority in

Congress had had time to interpose. In one sense, the act of disfranchisement was a step backward; but it was a step backward with the intention of taking such a step forward ultimately as circumstances should then show to be safe. It was not a constructive act, like the other acts which I have named, but a destructive act, both in spirit and in operation, because it was essentially an act of repeal.

In rushing in and arbitrarily and prematurely requiring the South to enfranchise the indigent and illiterate black man almost as soon as he had obtained his freedom, the North dislocated hopelessly for a time that judicious evolutionary process through which negro suffrage would have passed, had the Southern people been left to confer that right gradually and to regulate its exercise. As it is, the franchise is the one question relating to the blacks, which, forty-five years after their emancipation, continues in a state of uncertainty; and this is due directly to Northern interference. The North did not dictate that negroes should be permitted to marry with the whites; or that black children should be educated with white in the public schools; or that white people and black people should be required to ride in the same railway coaches, or to live together in the same city blocks. Had Congress attempted to interpose in the settlement of these questions, there would have been the same check in their orderly evolution as there was in the orderly evolution of the suffrage. Confusion would have at once resulted; and those branches of the negro problem would have remained unsolved, to the serious embroilment of the two races.

The four other measures which I have enumerated stand upon a footing different from that of the act of disfranchisement. They represent four consecutive stages in the evolution of the negro problem, and reflect the harmonious and consistent progress which that problem has made toward a permanent settlement. These enactments could not all have been adopted together in the beginning without inflicting a hardship, or at least without causing grave inconvenience, simply because the conditions then prevailing were not ripe for the passage of all four at once. For two alone were those conditions really ripe;

namely, the prohibition of intermarriage, and the interdiction of co-education.

It was natural from a social point of view, and wise from a political, that the white people, from the inauguration of the new order, should have been solicitous that the intermarriage of whites and blacks should not be sanctioned by law. The instinct of race preservation even more than opposition to social equality, dictated this attitude. It is true that, during the existence of the institution of slavery, illicit cohabitation had taken place to such an extent that mulattoes made up an important section of the population of each Southern community. But these mulattoes took the status of the black parent, not of the white, even though the mother was of the latter blood. Had marriage between the two races been suffered after the war, the offspring of these unions would have, legally and morally, been entitled to the status of the white parent; and as the number of such unions increased, such offspring would, in time, have actually acquired that status. As education developed in them a greater ability to accumulate wealth, mongrelization would have steadily advanced in social respectability, until it is presumable that there would have arisen a large number of families of legitimate mulattoes who, through their white parents, had obtained an unquestionable social position. With intermarriage made valid, the tendency of every community in which negroes predominated numerically would have been towards Africanization; for, first, the existence of the right of intermarriage would have encouraged illicit as well as legitimate sexual commerce between the races by promoting social equality; and secondly, in that considerable section of the white population which would have declined to affiliate with the blacks it would have created a disposition to emigrate. As the intermixture progressed, the white persons who would have been revolted by the spectacle of the legal miscegenation which was going on, would have been gradually driven out by the force of their intense repugnance to the prevailing condition, until there would have been left a residuum of white families unopposed to the commingling of their own blood with the blood of the negro.

But the force of the law which prohibits the intermarriage of

whites and blacks is most fully seen in the effect which it has had in diminishing illicit sexual intercourse between them by discouraging their social equality. During the existence of slavery, the mulattoes formed a proportion of the negro population which, numerically, steadily maintained itself even if it did not actually increase. As long as the negress was a slave, there was no danger of her presuming upon an immoral intimacy,—a fact well known to her white paramour for his encouragement,—and her subservience necessarily made her more open to advances. Since the revolution in the relations of the two races which was brought about by emancipation, the number of mulattoes has, to the body of the population, relatively if not absolutely declined. It is only in the Southern cities that they are to-day really noticeable even in the African quarters; and not even there to the extent observable twenty or thirty years ago. One may visit the public schools for the negroes in the cities without seeing perhaps half a dozen children in each room whose complexions reveal a white parentage on one side. The proportion of those whose darkness of skin indicates a black parentage on both sides for at least one generation and a half, is, in comparison, overwhelming. The indiscriminate intermarriage of blacks and mulattoes since the war has been steadily reducing the number of mulattoes whose first infusion of white blood was obtained during the period of slavery, while the reserve of the white men of the new generation has prevented the replacement of the number thus lost. That there is still a considerable proportion of mulattoes in the cities is to be largely attributed to the facilities there for a casual and passing illicit sexual commerce unattended by any danger of exposure for the white participant, or risk of being held legally responsible for the offspring resulting. It is also, in some degree, attributable to the influx of foreigners in recent years, men not likely to be led by prejudice or fear of notoriety to shrink from even permanent illegitimate relations with negresses. In the rural districts of the South, the number of mulattoes is now so small as to attract no notice whatever. The explanation is obvious,—apart from the general influences which are steadily separating the races, the white man in the country is held back by the certainty that

an intrigue will sooner or later become known, or by apprehension lest he may, at any time, be compelled to assume some responsibility for the fruit of the illicit cohabitation. In either event, his standing in his own community would suffer lasting injury.

The immediate effect of the decline in the illicit sexual intercourse between the two races is to promote a steady reversion in the negroes to the original pure African type, a fact that, in the next few generations, will be perceptible in their general moral and intellectual character. The leading men of the race so far have been of mixed blood. It remains to be seen whether this pure African type can produce an equal number of persons of considerable intellectual capacity. With a complete reversion to the original type, the last ground for anticipating even partial amalgamation of the two races will pass away. The first great law touching the freedman adopted by the South has already fully accomplished its purpose; the integrity of the white race has been preserved not only from destruction but even from partial deterioration. Inter-marriage is now an impossible factor as affecting that integrity, and illicit sexual commerce a negligible one.

The second constructive law adopted by the South in the regular evolution of the negro problem forbade the co-education of the two races in the public schools. As with the evils of miscegenation, so with the evils of co-education—they were foreseen by the Southern people so soon as legislation began to be enacted to define the status of the freedman. A feeling of repulsion was reflected in both measures,—a repulsion aroused primarily by the instinct of race preservation; only in the case of inter-marriage, it was chiefly physical; in the case of co-education mainly ethical. The principal reason for the repugnance which the Southern whites exhibited from the start to the promiscuous commingling of white and black children in the same school-room was not only that it would quickly break down the social barriers that kept the two races apart, but would certainly expose the white children, especially the girls, to polluting and debasing influences. The free and easy associations of a public school would be very different in their impression on character

from the guarded associations of the plantation in the time of slavery. Kind as was the feeling of most masters and mistresses for their bondsmen, they nevertheless had an ineradicable and unalterable conviction as to certain characteristics of the race as a whole,—the indifference to chastity in the females, the lewdness in the males, the physical uncleanness, the unrefined manners, and the generally careless habits of life distinguishing so many of both sexes alike. The class of whites who had never owned a slave were as resolutely hostile to co-education as the class above them who had owned many slaves; but they were more influenced by fear of social equality than by apprehension of moral contamination, though this too, in their case, was also present, but perhaps not to the same degree. Naturally, this opposition to co-education was particularly strong in all classes of white citizens immediately after the negro acquired his freedom, for then they had been in the habit of looking on him only as a slave who possessed no social position whatever in the community to which he belonged. So fully was this opposition known even to the "carpetbag" governments, that only in South Carolina and Texas was provision made for mixed schools,—a provision soon repealed in Texas, while in South Carolina it remained entirely unenforceable. Had such a law been adopted throughout the Southern States, it would have simply meant that the whites would, as a body, have declined to send their children to the public school.

The third great constructive law in the practical evolution of the negro problem was not passed by the Southern people to preserve their blood integrity, like the law prohibiting intermarriage; nor to conserve their purity of morals and manners, like the law forbidding co-education; nor like both these laws, to discourage social equality. The primary object of the statute requiring the separation of the races in public vehicles of conveyance was simply to promote the personal comfort and safety of the whites. It was offensive to them to be brought in such close physical contact with the new negro; and in addition, they were anxious to diminish the chances of personal conflict so likely to arise at any moment when whites and blacks who are strangers to each other, assemble under the same roof.

Had any question of the preservation of the whites' integrity of blood or morality been involved in the association of the races in public conveyances, their separation there would have been required as soon after emancipation as the prohibition of their intermarriage or co-education, although at that time, owing to the poverty of the Southern railways, an almost intolerable burden would have been imposed upon the resources of these lines of transportation. As the white and black populations expanded, and at the same time became more alienated from each other with the passing of the older generation, and as the regular volume of travel increased, the physical repulsiveness of indiscriminate race mixture in public conveyances grew more acute, and the danger of personal conflicts also augmented. The railways, in the meanwhile, had been steadily advancing in prosperity, and were now in a position to supply the double accommodations that would be called for by the separation of the races. The white people, perceiving this fact, demanded the change, and the railways offered no serious opposition. A more useful law was never inserted in the Southern statute book. No one who remembers the former promiscuous commingling of whites and blacks in the Southern trains can fail to recall the scenes of violence witnessed there in consequence of the aggressive attitude of negroes inflamed by drink. Such scenes between the races are no longer possible; and that fact alone has done much to promote a more friendly relation between them in all the walks of life in which they still meet.

The fourth great constructive enactment came, not in the form of a state statute, but of a municipal ordinance, which has already been adopted by the governing bodies of nearly all the large cities of the South; and, in a few more years, is quite certain to be adopted by the remainder. This additional enactment requires the domiciliary segregation of the races. Like the three great constructive laws which preceded it, it is a measure that looks to the preservation of something that the whites regard as essential to their welfare. First, as we have seen, they passed an act to preserve their race integrity; secondly, an act to preserve their integrity of morals and manners; thirdly, an act to preserve their comfort, convenience, and

safety in travelling. Now a fourth act is passed, to preserve the value of property which has been seriously threatened with deterioration by the encroachment of the urban black population on districts hitherto entirely occupied by whites. This new measure is an indication, not so much of the accumulation of holdings by the negroes (although it does mean this too to a certain extent), as of their numerical increase in the towns; largely by immigration from the country. It is the black tenant rather than the black purchaser, whose intrusion, in most cases involuntary, has alarmed so many white owners of property. The bulk of these black tenants are unable to pay the rents which the previous white tenants had been paying; and this fact, coupled with the mere presence of negroes on the ground, has led to the decline in the value of all tenements from which they have practically ousted the white occupants.

The law of domiciliary segregation, which is equally pertinent to both races, operates in reality only on one section of the white people. It does not resemble the other great constructive enactments, upon which I have dwelt, in operating practically as well as theoretically on the whole population of blacks and whites combined. Moreover, it is the only one of the four which cannot always be enforced with ease even in the restricted sphere to which it applies. So steady is the increase in the number of negroes in the Southern cities that, unless they are permitted to encroach upon the residential sections of the whites, they are sure, sooner or later, to create a congestion detrimental to the sanitary condition of white and black populations alike. To avoid this, some of the Southern municipalities are making provision for the spread of negro homes over ground not yet occupied by white people; but this is not possible in all the cities without intruding upon suburban lands which the whites have been holding for the increment that comes with the expansion of the white population. The new law, while it will preserve the values of white property in the main parts of the cities, will damage it in some of the outlying districts. There are few Southern towns which are not belted beyond the corporate boundaries by what are practically white suburbs, though the houses may be scattered. Through these environs, the

negroes, in order to escape from their "pent up Utica," must burst here and there, carrying the same injury to suburban values which they have done to so much intra-urban property. The Southern municipalities, even if they wished, cannot cast aside responsibility for the proper location of their black population. Every requirement of the public health as well as of humanity, will demand that ample room for spreading out shall be afforded that population; and under the pressure of necessity, if not of a sense of public duty, it may be that the Southern cities will be compelled to reserve vast sections of suburban land as sites for future negro homes, just as those cities now reserve considerable areas of ground for negro cemeteries.

The enforcement of the new law will be attended by so many perplexities and difficulties, as the negroes in the cities increase in number, that the wisdom of its adoption may in time become seriously debatable; and these perplexities and difficulties will perhaps appear all the greater to the white people at large when they recall that only a small section of white property-owners are really injured by the intrusion of negro lease-holders and purchasers into the white urban districts. Would it not be better, they will argue, that a few white property-holders should suffer in some measure,—for the depreciation of their property from negro encroachment after all is not radical,—than that each municipality should have to face continually the problem of having to provide room for its black population in justice to that population and for the protection of the public health?

How far the law of domiciliary segregation differs in practice from the laws relating to marriage, education, and transportation, upon which I have touched, is revealed by the fact that it is purely local in its application. It is clearly recognized that, with the present size of the Southern rural population, this ordinance cannot be extended, by a general act, to the country districts. It follows that there is no universal sentiment in the Southern States supporting the domiciliary segregation law, inasmuch as the evil sought to be remedied comes home only to the urban section of the white population, and in reality to a limited section of that section. The acts relating to inter-marriage, co-education, and co-transportation, on the other hand,

touch every white person, rural or urban, residing in the South. They rest upon the rock of an absolute unanimity in public sentiment in country and city alike. But an indefinite time must elapse before a like unanimity will be observed in the public opinion supporting domiciliary segregation, simply because the congestion of the black population in the rural districts is not likely to be so great within a calculable period as to produce there the conditions detrimental to the property of the whites, which already have arisen in all the Southern towns. Not until similar conditions are created in the country will domiciliary segregation be used there as a means of checking and restricting the evils that will grow out of those conditions.

Practically, the South has reached the limit of State legislation looking to the settlement of the negro problem. Hereafter,—certainly for a considerable length of time in the future,—the measures designed for the further settlement of that problem will be exclusively municipal and local. The first of the municipal measures, the domiciliary segregation of the races, is a shade less practicable than the preceding measures, which, as we have seen, owed their existence to State legislation and not to municipal. An increasing degree of impracticability is likely to characterize municipal provisions for the separation of the races. There are two other measures, however, which may be adopted hereafter. First, it is possible that, at the end of a few decades, all the public schools for the education of the blacks in each of the Southern cities will be placed under the general control of a negro superintendent, who will be responsible for the proper administration of their affairs to a central white Board. The particular field in which this superintendent would labor would be entirely distinct from that of the general superintendent of the white schools; and the two would be independent of each other, except that both would be subordinate, along with the central Board itself, to the head of the municipality, whether that head should be a single person or a commission.

A possible second measure is the erection of a separate administrative black district in every Southern city containing a large negro population which has been compelled, by the law

of domiciliary segregation, to concentrate itself within prescribed limits. This district might be permitted to establish its own police court, to choose its own police magistrate and justices of the peace, to appoint its own police officers, and to set up its own fire, building, and street cleaning departments, under the direction and control of its negro citizens. In other words, there might be conferred on it the various powers of a self-governing municipality, except that all nominations to office must obtain the approval of the mayor to be valid; and the mayor, too, would possess the right to remove for cause. In addition, the administration of the district's affairs would be supervised in a general way by the central authority which overlooks the affairs of the rest of the corporation. This principle of home-rule for negroes segregated by the new domiciliary law, might be so far extended as to grant to a very populous district the right to be represented by a member of their own race in the State legislature and also in the halls of Congress. As such assemblyman or congressman would possess a constituency wholly black, the present objections urged by white persons to representatives of that color would be completely removed. Negro self-government in an urban district of this character would stand a fair chance of being more successful than it has been in independent countries like Haiti, San Domingo, and Liberia, which are remote from the pressure of civilized influences and withdrawn from the guidance of a white hand at the ultimate helm. Such urban districts would become schools for the education of the Southern negro in the art of self-government; and there is reason to think that the best intellect and the best morality of the race would be stimulated to prove that its members were capable of acquiring that art under these fostering circumstances.

It will be many years before the population in the black urban districts will be so great as even to suggest the adoption of the two measures which I have mentioned as possible rather than as probable subjects for future municipal consideration. This recent ordinance of domiciliary segregation is not likely soon to be followed up by an additional law to compel the separation of the races. The attention of the Southern people for some dec-

ades to come will rather be chiefly directed to enforcing the existing acts with a thoroughness that will ensure the blacks the exactest justice under their operation. The negro public schools will be extended and improved to a point that will raise them to an equal footing of efficiency with the public schools for the whites. The accomodations for negro travellers will be made as comfortable, clean, wholesome, and spacious as those provided for white travellers. The parts of the city in which the black population is concentrated will be inspected as carefully and advanced as liberally at the public expense as the parts in which the whites reside. As the negroes progress in wealth and education, the franchise will be enlarged until all property holders among them will be permitted to cast a vote.

This more generous attitude on the white people's part will be the direct result of that general policy of requiring the separation of the two races which is incorporated in the four great enactments upon which I have touched. Already, the life of each race is running in a channel of its own; and though these channels lie side by side, the possibility of their intersecting in the future grows smaller each year. The negroes never intermarry with the white people, and illicit sexual commerce between them is, relatively to their increasing numbers, steadily declining. They never meet under the same roof in schools and colleges. They never unite in the same religious worship. They never occupy the same coaches on the railroads, or the same seats in the tramways. They reside in different sections of the cities. They have separate theatres, separate Christian Association buildings, separate public halls. It is now the universal custom for the urban negroes of the South to employ only doctors, lawyers, dentists, professional nurses, builders, and mechanics of their own color. The same is equally true of the white people. Italians have displaced the black barbers in the shops for the whites; white porters and chambermaids are to be found in hotels which formerly gave work only to black; white waiters have superseded black in the restaurants. Already, but not yet to the same degree, white domestics are taking the place of the black in wealthy white households. It is only for the rude jobs of the streets that the negroes are in steady request;

and even in these jobs some municipalities employ only white men. In all the cities, competition with the whites is beginning to narrow the chances of the black man for a livelihood. One important section of the race, however, is gradually improving its pecuniary condition; namely, that section which is composed of the editors, lawyers, doctors, druggists, restaurant keepers, grocers, undertakers, bankers, real estate agents, insurance agents, agents for benevolent associations, small shopkeepers, builders, milliners, and the like. It will be to this section of the population that the less fortunate families of the same color who are unwilling to earn a subsistence by street work, will have to turn for employment when the field among the white people is practically closed by successful white rivalry.

The influences controlling the fate of the urban blacks are not yet, to the same degree, in operation in the rural districts. There is no probability that within a calculable time the country negroes will be pushed within restricted local limits. The subdivision of land now going on in most parts of the South may tend to drive the large number of persons of that race who are not sharing in it to the cities, where they would be drawn into the condition of isolation now occupied by the black population already residing there. A heavy immigration of whites from the North or from Europe would increase this expulsive force by further promoting the drift towards sub-division. But many generations must pass before the rural congregations of negroes which we now see can be broken up by the operation of these or similar economic influences, and dispersed among the cities. The tendency will rather be towards the formation in the country of distinct black settlements comparable to those in the towns, which will maintain themselves in the midst of the far larger white population pressing upon them from all sides.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that, by the middle of the next century, the negro population will be so scattered over the entire face of the United States that the South will possess no larger proportion of that population than New England, or the Middle West, or New York and Pennsylvania, will possess. When this condition of uniform dispersion has been reached, which will make of the blacks a factor of small numerical impor-

tance everywhere, the separatist laws that now stand upon the Southern statute books, would be relaxed and finally repealed. In place of progression in the evolution of the negro problem as now, there would then be retrogression. As the aim of the South in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was to erect barriers between the two races, so its aim in the twenty-first may be to pull those barriers down, simply because there would then be no more need for their retention in the Southern States than in the Northern and Western. The menace created by the concentration of the black population in one section of the country would be removed by the wide diffusion of that population. The racial legislation originated in this menace. It would be repealed when that menace had passed entirely away.

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COLETTE BAUDOCHE

The novel that Maurice Barrès has recently published under the title of *Colette Baudoche* is not only a noteworthy contribution to fiction, but also a historical and social study of unusual interest.

The action of the story is laid in Metz, the city in Lorraine where the fate of the colossal struggle of 1870 was practically closed in favor of Germany. The theme of the narrative is the conflict in the heart of an Alsatian girl between love for a German Professor and her noble ideal of loyalty to France. Colette Baudoche, the heroine, is a representative of the type of girl who is proud of asserting her French ancestry and sympathy on German soil. She lives with her grandmother in a modest dwelling. As their resources are meagre, the two women, after a long hesitation, become reconciled to the idea of renting a room of their apartment to a young Professor of Königsberg, Frédéric Asmus. This young German is one of the army of peaceful invaders which since 1870 has been flowing into Alsace. He is gradually inspired by the surroundings and the noble atmosphere of Metz; he travels over the country and mingles with the people; he admires their easy, graceful bearing and good manners, the clearness and the harmony of their speech. While his taste is thus captivated by the outward forms and intrinsic worth of French civilization, his heart is fascinated by the winning charm of Colette, who represents to his eye a living expression of French spirit and grace. He soon thinks of marrying her, and after careful consideration discloses his intention to her and Mme. Baudoche. The two women are naturally perplexed, for they fully appreciate the sterling character of the Professor, and the grandmother especially is well aware that a marriage would mean an assured future to her beloved Colette. Unfortunately, however, he is German. They decide to defer a decision and give a final answer to the Professor when the latter returns from a journey to Königsberg, where lives the sweetheart he has decided to forsake for the beautiful Colette. The irresolution of the two women before the situation thrust

upon them is finally overcome after a most impressive ceremony in the Cathedral of Metz — a ceremony performed each year in memory of the French soldiers who fell under the walls of the city in the battles of 1870. Colette decides that everything must be sacrificed, even the happiness of a lifetime, to what she believes to be an ideal and lofty sentiment of honor. She tells the Professor that she cannot become his wife, that she has valued highly and always will value his friendship, but that she must answer the call of a greater obligation to the sacred memories of her country. . . . Such is in outline the plot of the story.

One can easily see that the structure of the novel is exceedingly simple and therefore lacking in those elements of excitement or complication or surprise that bind the attention and the interest of the average reader. It is a novel that will appeal particularly to those who delight in the artistic representation of real life and in the conflict of human emotions, rather than in the elaborate charm of fanciful deeds and situations. In this last work, Barrès has again aimed at the same austerity and simplicity that characterized his previous novel, *Au Service de l'Allemagne*. He has again shown a praiseworthy eagerness to keep aloof from the trend of present taste and to avoid all such common means as might have won for his book a larger audience. In *Colette Bandoche* the highly colored style, the sumptuous images, and the haughty display of a poignant individualism impatient of social discipline,—qualities that have made Barrès inimitable in his earlier works — no longer appear. The whole atmosphere in which events occur and characters move is here spiritualized no less than are thought and style, sensation and sentiment.

This accounts for the fact that the narrative, simple in content and unpretentious in form, is quite capable of making a lasting impression, an impression that is due in large measure to the enthusiastic genius of the writer, which seems to animate and enhance with affectionate sympathy the life of the characters he portrays, and charge with symbolic meaning the things and places he describes. Whatever be the excellence of Barrès' style in this work, one easily feels that it is intimately

associated with and dependent upon the constant inspiration of patriotic sentiment. For here it is not a style reflecting such æsthetic qualities as may characterize mere force of intellect, nor is any effort made toward a search for that technical perfection which is only too often an indication of penury of thought. The charm of the style consists solely in its great force of suggestion. Its appeal is binding because it springs from an intimate fusion of thought and expression, from a correspondence highly convincing between the writer's *état d'âme* and outward nature in all its manifestations. It is a style thoroughly imbued with that enlightened sincerity of effort which never fails to command admiration and often finds an echo in the human heart. There is, above all, in his style the elusive harmony of poetic emotion, for all his characters and landscapes have long dwelt in his heart before they found literary expression. The writer infuses into his subject-matter the living and suggestive force of a delicate feeling and reverence. He seems to have lived in constant and spiritual intimacy not only with the men but with all objects of historic interest and natural beauty in Alsace and Lorraine, and so he feels and communicates life to what appears to be deprived of life. For example, the monuments themselves, whether it be the lofty cathedral of Metz or the modest tombs of war victims scattered in the neighboring country, appear to him as powerful symbols of undying memories conveying the silent message of the past to the present. *Nihil sine voce est*. And this ideal communion with eternal things is not in the literary fashion of the symbolistic school but rather in accord with the human sentiment of the Virgilian *sunt lacrymæ rerum*.

There is somewhere in the novel a passage which indicates clearly the attitude of the author throughout the book. "Il est impossible d'aimer," says Barrès, "voire de comprendre aucun objet si nous n'avons pas mêlé nos songes à sa réalité, établi un lien entre lui et notre vie. C'est peu d'avoir consciencieusement tourné autour d'une belle chose; l'essentiel c'est de sentir sa qualité morale et de participer du principe d'où elle est née. Il faut devenir le frère d'une beauté pour bien commencer à l'aimer."

These words explain the secret of his art in *Colette Baudoche*. And it is after all natural that he should have felt so keenly the fascination of the country around the Vosges where he was born and where his early education progressed in the midst of the trying calamities visited by war upon his people and his own family. These early and poignant remembrances, somewhat softened by age, seem to form in the novel a spiritual background upon which are reflected in sympathetic atmosphere the cold and dreary realities of life. The immediate result of this earnest love for the complex life that his affectionate imagination far more than his art has fixed in *Colette Baudoche*, is one of unmistakable and convincing appeal—a fact that is the more significant in that the leading characteristic of Barrès as a stylist has nearly always been one of too conscious effort and not unfrequently of studied and deliberate affectation. The stylistic element is indeed of such importance that it can hardly be overestimated in this work of Maurice Barrès, for it is undoubtedly by virtue of its magic charm and simplicity that the narrative assumes a well-defined meaning even in its smallest details.

Yet beyond its excellence of form this new book of Barrès' must have other unusual qualities, else we should be at a loss to account for its great success and the spontaneous admiration it has elicited from all quarters. One may here venture to say that in works of art the subject-matter is a question of minor concern; that the manner and form in which a thought is developed and expressed is the preëminent factor; that, as Villemain puts it: "le génie consiste à revêtir une idée banale d'une forme définitive." Fortunately, in the case of *Colette Baudoche*, one needs not apply the questionable truth of Villemain's definition, for while it is evident that scarcely any effort is made toward originality, yet both in thought and language *Colette Baudoche* is free from all banality; it is characterized by that severe and inspiring simplicity of which, at its best, style is only a powerful adjunct.

It is hardly in place here to inquire into the relative merits of *Colette Baudoche* as compared with the numerous other contributions of Barrès. Such a task would be difficult and un-

satisfying, for the simple reason that the literary production of this French writer is far too complex in nature and varied in scope. But whatever may be the work that will insure for its author the recognition of time, many will nevertheless feel that of all Barrès' books this latest one will be most likely to survive, for it was not meant to be merely an interesting novel of the day, nor a psychological study of character. It is rather a dramatic portrayal of the attempted reconstruction of two different civilizations, or of two national spirits which force of events has brought together and which with the lapse of time have so far failed to blend into harmony. It depicts the drama without *dénouement* which, since the close of the terrible war of 1870, two peoples with opposing traditions and tendencies have been enacting in Alsace and Lorraine.

Though the frame of the book is thus historical, we can hardly call the work a historical novel. The author has not proposed to revive a *genre* which has had its day and which artistic fashion has perhaps too hastily discarded; nor has Barrès intended, in accordance with a certain aristocratic turn of his intellect, to surround with a halo of glory the leaders who have always engaged upon the soil of Alsace in the futile attempt to bend the stubborn and unyielding attitude of the conquerors, or in the task even more futile of securing for the oppressed the same rights and privileges that other German provinces enjoy. His aim is rather the historical reconstruction of the humble, the sympathetic revelation of hidden forces each striving to keep kindled in the heart the hope of warm patriotism and to preserve unchanged in the whirl of trying vicissitudes a personality formed and strengthened through a costly process of social and national development. His is not only an evocation but a true apotheosis of the commonplace, and in this Maurice Barrès has once more shown that real literary greatness may be simple. As we read this story we feel as if our own selves were identified with the spiritual forces that are set in motion towards heroic humility and the self-forgetful assertion of patriotism struggling against fatality. We feel that our sympathy is gradually aroused by the persevering faith which the Colettes of Alsace and Lorraine keep intact in their hearts and by the

revelation of an unfortunate love that the avowal of a noble sentiment shatters forever.

On the other hand, it is equally evident that the intention of the writer is not to develop a thesis that would in any way influence him to sacrifice or modify the varied evidence of reality for the sake of proving any *a priori* contention. He thus felt it his duty, not only as a writer but also as a man, to avoid the least misrepresentation that might have marred true impartiality of observation and of judgment whenever there was involved the evaluation of the opposite forces in the drama that still goes on in Alsace. In this respect the veracity of the novelist is thoroughly convincing. Both sides of the tragic controversy that is so poignantly typified in Colette Baudoche and Professor Asmus are presented in the book with unerring accuracy, with an appreciation both naïve and austere, entirely unhampered by resentment. Conscious of the important mission that he proposed to fulfil, Maurice Barrès understood that the dispassionate reader would not excuse any faltering expression or condone any superficial impression through possible sympathy for the cause he upholds. He realized that he could not place directly the right or the wrong on either side, since the solution of a problem that has confronted both adversaries for over forty years seems in fact scarcely attainable. Indeed, one may here and there see that Barrès' attitude is wellnigh one of admiration for the conqueror. He intimates that such a rôle cannot and must not be his, for the Germans have more than one way in which to show their legitimate pride. He naturally loves the conquered in that the latter show a heroic, almost incredible power of resistance. And Barrès has happily presented in his book the tragic situation arising from a cruel misunderstanding that forces irreconcilable enemies to live in perennial association.

It was early in 1840 when the future William I wrote in verse a memento to the populations of the Vosges and of the Ardennes: "Listen," he said, "to the call of the Germans; be ashamed of the servitude that the Franks impose upon you. If you heed not or feel not ashamed of your servitude, we shall indeed force you to fulfil your duty toward the fatherland so that one day your descendants may be true Germans and thank the conquerors

of their fathers." The same hopeful outlook was anticipated by the Germans the very day the two alienated provinces were restored forcibly to the common fold. Yet, forty years after, the sons of the generation that was conquered cling no less firmly to the ideal of old, and no word of praise for the conquerors comes from their lips. Now, in this novel of Barrès, everything seems to be subordinate to this very intimate dissension between actual conditions in Alsace and Lorraine and the failure of the historical precedents just mentioned to bring about the results which the Germans were looking for.

Here, too, the same antagonism is effectively voiced in a mild form by Colette and Asmus: "Un jour," writes Barrès, "ils tombèrent sur un passage où l'on racontait qu'à l'époque d'Henri l'Oiseleur, Metz avait subi l'attraction germanique.

"Vous voyez, mademoiselle, que vous avez été Allemande une fois, fit le professeur avec une malice bonhomme.

"Et il déclara ne pouvoir comprendre que des gens raisonnables perdissent leur temps à s'obstiner contre le fait accompli. Pourquoi boudier une nation où ils avaient occupé une belle place? Où était le déshonneur de penser aujourd'hui comme leurs aïeux avaient pensé?

"Colette, toute rouge, répondit:

"Je ne sais pas ce qu'ont pensé, il y a mille ans, les gens de Metz, mais je sais bien que je ne peux pas être une Allemande.

"Un geste de sa grand'mère essaya vainement de l'arrêter. La jeune fille poursuivit:

"Nous ne consultons que notre cœur. Et vous, monsieur Asmus, quand vous avez choisi votre fiancée, avez-vous consulté vos livres d'histoire?"

The logical inference we draw is that two distinct nationalities come into daily contact on the soil of Alsace, but in spite of this coexistence based on a community of varied relationships, their spiritual and intellectual life keeps them as widely apart as they were when the theoretical process of fusing them began. Obviously the great purpose Barrès had in mind when he wrote *Colette Baudouche* was, through the tangible example of daily life in Alsace, to prove that a national personality which is but the accumulated development of the character of previous genera-

tions cannot be overcome by a mere reorganization of racial affinities; that the sentiment of a common country from which the Alsatians were rudely disrupted cannot be easily effaced from their hearts, because, while we wait for a broader ideal than patriotism to dawn upon the world, true love for one's country will continue to be shown and perpetuated in deeds of heroic abnegation and oblivion of one's self even to the surrender of life.

The impression one gathers in reading the book is that in the attempt at an objective treatment of the soul of Alsace, Maurice Barrès appears to better advantage as a portraitist than as a novelist. *Colette Baudoche* is only incidentally a novel, and thus the types the author represents are not idealized nor are they in any way modified by his artistic temperament, they may live in Metz or Strasbourg, in Colmar or Mülhausen, in any of the villages of Alsace and Lorraine, wherever there is shown a constancy of determination not to accept voluntarily from the conquerors anything that would offend the dignity of patriotic sentiment. Indeed, the fact that *Colette Baudoche* is only incidentally a work of fiction is one of great importance, since here a question arises that comes fairly within the scope of the present review and deserves to be mentioned at length.

It appears that the decision of Colette not to marry Professor Asmus has met with objections at the hands of some critics. For this connection it may be interesting to know that the great poet Mistral, and Jaurès, the well-known leader of the socialist party in France, both expressed to the author of *Colette Baudoche* their disappointment at what they call the unexpected and unreasonable foolishness of the young Colette. These two distinguished men would have much preferred a happy close for the book, and this for reasons that they openly disclose to the author. Thus writes Mistral to Barrès: "Vous y [in the novel] rendez si sympathique le terroir et la race que le bon gros Allemand Frédéric Asmus est vaincu en peu de temps, et vaincu de façon si naturelle et si honnête qu'on regrette vraiment la maussaderie finale de la petite Colette. Étant donné que le germanisme finit toujours par se fondre dans la latinité (à preuve la fusion rapide des innombrables envahisseurs de l'empire ro-

main), il est certain que, par le seul effet des influences naturelles, les immigrés allemands sont destinés à faire des fils et petits-fils lorrains, et, par eux, la Lorraine reprendra son autonomie. Je remarque, en Provence, que les fils des mètèques sont généralement plus ardents que les indigènes de vieille roche. C'est le mystère de la greffe. Donc, j'aurais vu avec plaisir le bon docteur Asmus contribuer à repeupler Metz de jeunes patriotes. Il méritait bien cette jolie récompense."

Not very dissimilar is the regret expressed by Jaurès. While he does not state as openly as the Provençal poet that French civilization, which is but Latin in essence, may eventually conquer in Alsace the *ferum victorem*, he is nevertheless willing to admit that this may partly come to pass. He finds it somewhat strange, however, that Colette should be so obstinate in refusing the man upon whom French charm has so intimately operated.

"Et Colette?" he says, "elle refuse de se marier avec Asmus, soit. Mais elle a hésité; on a entrevu que, si elle épousait Asmus, elle travaillerait avec lui à réconcilier Français et Allemands. . . . Il se pourrait bien, que, depuis deux mille ans, il y eut, de ce côté-ci du Rhin des Colette qui ne veulent pas épouser des Asmus. Quand, par force, le mariage s'est accompli, M. Asmus, après s'être fait appeler quelque temps M. Asmus-Baudoché, s'est trouvé, un beau jour, Baudoché tout court, ne voulant plus rien savoir des Asmus."

Jaurès' view is such as we should naturally expect a man to express whose attitude is largely determined by political and social preconceptions. That of the Provençal poet is but the effusion of an optimistic nature with an unbounded faith in the victorious mission of the civilization of his own people. So intense is his humanity that it makes him regretful that two creatures are thus made to suffer. But, although the novelist recognizes the admirable sentiments that underlie these criticisms, yet his own life has made him far more familiar with actual conditions at Metz; and he knows only too well that the optimism of both Mistral and Jaurès may prove entirely baseless. At the close of the book he hints clearly his fear as to the ultimate fate of the Alsations: "Nous, cependant, acceptons-

nous qu'une vive image de Metz subisse les *constantes atteintes qui doivent, à la longue, l'effacer?*" So the novelist was not hampered by sentimental limitations, and has preferred to see in the action of Colette the triumph of will over the obstacles that oppose it, the indifference to all that brings personal satisfaction, so that the sentiment of the heroine may be purified through hardship and thus she may share worthily the common sorrow of her people.

It could not have been otherwise, if the book was to be to the very end a faithful portrayal of actual life in Lorraine. If Barrès had intended to write a book of pure fiction, a close such as Mistral and Jaurès suggested might have been possible, though it is questionable if it would enhance the artistic effect of the book. But, as we have already remarked, *Colette Baudoche* is only incidentally a novel, and so any effort toward a close *à effet* would have violated its purpose. It was, therefore, owing only to the prominent places that both Mistral and Jaurès occupy that Barrès deemed it advisable to answer their criticisms with a few pertinent remarks. There was really no necessity for the author to take the stand in defence of what is evidently a logical conclusion in the book, but the following argument advanced by Barrès seems unanswerable:

"C'est bien oiseux," he says, "de chercher, avec le noble poète de la Provence et avec le puissant orateur des socialistes, si Colette doit épouser Asmus. Allez le demander à Metz. Tout Metz vous dira, d'une voix unanime:—Nos filles n'ont que faire de leurs fils; elles ne sont pas pour des Prussiens."

Now, the fact that Maurice Barrès is a member of the French Academy and unquestionably in the front rank of living French writers may partially account for the eagerness with which each succeeding production of his is received both in and out of France. In the case of *Colette Baudoche*, however, we feel that Barrès has given us a book scarcely surpassed by any of his previous ones. If we may rightly judge by the universal admiration that the book has already won, its place among the few French novels of recent years that are likely to live is securely fixed. And it is not surprising. Whatever the opinion of

critics may be with reference to the qualities of form and content whereby the excellence of a novel is measured, or however the taste in literary appreciation may differ, there is always a common ground where ultimately intellectual dissension ceases and a great book emerges to stand solely on those qualities that are eminently human and that no changing fashion of art can affect. In the long run, enduring admiration is more readily bestowed upon the book in which are expressed the higher ideals of man, even though these ideals may lack the characteristics of universality and be accordingly confined to a certain people or epoch. Of such ideals the humble no less than the great may be formative factors. This latest novel by Maurice Barrès is a successful endeavor to this very end, as we see in it artistically reflected a part of the ever-changing horizon within which is laboring the ascending evolution of a people.

A prophecy as to whether the present obstinate effort of Alsace and Lorraine to preserve intact their national individuality will save them permanently from the all-powerful mould of German influence is here irrelevant. In *Colette Baudoche* the author may, indeed, openly intimate that the problem of Alsace is far from settled and that the violence perpetrated in the treaty of Frankfort against the natural rights of the annexed provinces is not yet atoned. But we cannot be very deeply concerned in this, although, through a superior sense of justice we may feel inclined to admire this ideal assertion of a patriot. For us, the lasting impression of the book rests upon elements of greater importance: upon the stubborn resistance which, forty years after France withdrew, is still shown against the preponderant political and cultural expansion of Germany in Alsace; a resistance that time has not yet impaired and that difficulties and persecutions have failed to subdue; upon the successful zeal that urges a people to affirm a sacred inheritance of thought, of taste, of pride, and of independence, received from France; upon the determination of Alsace to cling to an ideal which, to a people conscious of its dignity, is, after all, the only goal worth striving for. Such is the message of *Colette Baudoche*, a message that will long linger in our memory,

for even though the future may leave unanswered the call which closes the book and in which is echoed the aggressive sentiment of the author, the appeal of the novel will remain unchanged, and the book will always be admired as a true and powerful representation of humble effort toward a sublime ideal.

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THE JEST OF A LITERARY FORGER

The practice of feigned authorship is as frequently the result of intense vanity as it is the outcome of excessive modesty. Many a writer has hidden behind the mask of an unknown or falsely ascribed authorship that the greater glory might be his when, the concealment having been put aside and the mask thrown off, he might come forward to claim the reward of praise for his work and to obtain the larger reputation added by the mystery of the authorship. Be anonymous authorship the casting away of glory, the crafty deception for earning a greater fame, or merely the desire to amaze and perplex, it has been practiced in every age of the world's literature. How many individual poets have been content to remain unnamed behind the comprehensive Homer? In the Middle Ages, when authorship was largely communal, the production of a narrative of the Trojan war which was popular with that age on account of its presenting the Trojan side of the struggle in contrast to Homer's prejudiced point of view was ascribed to one Dares Phrygius. Behind this fabulous person some unknown writer has forever hidden his name. The purpose of such a work usually demanded, too, that the manuscript be found in a mysterious manner. Mystification of literary sources, a harmless propensity to dupe the reader, was, in fact, a common convention of mediæval literature. All the researches of learned and zealous students have never discovered Chaucer's mysterious "myn auctor called Lollius." One readily agrees with the statement of Burton in his *Bookhunter*:—

I believe that if one of those laborious old writers hatched a good idea of his own, he could experience no peace of mind until he found it legitimated by having passed through an earlier brain, and that the author who failed thus to establish a paternity for his thought would sometimes audaciously set down some great name in his crowded margins, in the hope that the imposition might pass undiscovered.

"The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son," sent his "little Booke" to Master Philip Sidney under the cover of "Immerto";

while his busy-body friend "E. K." has obtained a sort of puzzle-fame by writing a Glosse to the *Shepheardes Calender* under a concealed identity. The question is not infrequently asked whether an eminent judge of Elizabeth's day masked himself,—imperfectly to some behind the face of cryptography,—in the lowly guise of an "imperfect actor on the stage." In this same age it was the worst of bad taste for a sonnet-cycle writer to offer the public more than his initials.

It was to the English world of the second half of the eighteenth century, however, that the fascination of a false ascription of authorship, the temptation for passing off a modern composition as an antique work, appealed with peculiar charm. This is but the appearance in the realm of literary composition of the growing tendency of the day to take an earnest interest in "the reproduction in modern art or literature of the life and thought of the Middle Ages,"—which is Professor Beers's definition of Romanticism. The poems of Ossian, the *Castle of Otranto*, the tragedy of Chatterton, the innumerable ballad forgeries, the immortal hoax of Ireland, impress us thoroughly with the fact that this was, indeed, the golden age of literary forgery.

MacPherson had found his Ossian poems preserved in the memories of the old people of the Highlands and had translated them from the Gaelic into a kind of eighteenth century Biblical English. Horace Walpole had published the *Castle of Otranto* in 1764 with this account of its origin: "The following work was found in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England. It was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529. . . . How much sooner it was written does not appear . . ." In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe's church in Bristol the wonderful boy Chatterton had dug from Master Cannynge's coffer a quantity of fifteenth century manuscripts containing the poetry of a Middle English poet previously unknown to the world. Bishop Percy had discovered his folio manuscript of ballads "lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in ye Parlour, being used by the maids to light the fire."

These essays towards deception in authorship were for the most part clever enough completely to mystify and largely to

take in the reading public of an age that was unenlightened in regard to the language and literature of the earlier periods of its history. They do not testify to a literary moral conscience necessarily any lower than that of our own day so much as they do to an unrestrained eagerness to antiquate. The only apology considered necessary by Walpole for the fraud he had committed in the preface to the first edition of his romance was this acknowledgment in the second edition, after the success of the book had been assured: "It is fit that he should ask pardon of his readers for having offered his work to them under the borrowed personage of a translator. As diffidence of his own abilities and the novelty of the attempt were the sole inducements to assume the disguise, he flatters himself that he shall appear excusable." The general feeling of the time toward the practice is, perhaps, well expressed by Sir Walter Scott in the introduction to the *Border Minstrelsy*. "There is no small degree of cant in the violent invectives with which impostures of this nature have been assailed. If a young author wishes to circulate a beautiful poem under the guise of antiquity, the public is surely more enriched by the contribution than injured by the deception." Walpole, who came not off from the Chatterton controversy with flying colors, expressed the same opinion in his more dandified way: "It is not a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus."

In 1782, twelve years after the sensational death of the tragic representative of the literary forgers, the controversy concerning the authenticity of the poems that Chatterton had ascribed to one Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century, was at its highest pitch. A wordy war of pamphlets, which were full of acrimonious personal bickering and filled with a mass of pseudo-learning, was fiercely raging. More interesting to us than are these pamphlets is the refusal of one writer in the bloodless fray to join the battle on this level. One Scotchman¹

¹ The Prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient ballad, lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgattus, Prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the editor, an account of the discovery and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley. London. 1782. 8vo.

of that day has left printed evidence of the fact that he had a sufficient sense of the ridiculous to perceive that those who by disposition and temperament believed in old chests, floating bottles, and the memories of peasants as depositories of old literature would be convinced of the contrary by no arguments based on language, style, or custom. He saw, on the other hand, that the ill-naturedly critical Ritson and his sort would never believe that any manuscript had ever been found in an old chest. In consequence of his wider vision, William Junius Mickle set out to satirize the whole tendency toward false antiquarianism. Mickle's persiflant pamphlet, which did much toward settling the problems of Ossian and Chatterton, is crafty in its ridicule and cunning in its travesty of *bric-à-brac* Mediævalism,—all excellently sustained under the show of the greatest seriousness. The burlesque was not successful enough to drive the knight-errantry of literary deception out of the land, but in its smaller sphere *The Prophecy of Queen Emma* was as fitted for its purpose as was the great Spanish mockery of "ladies dead and lovely knights."

Mickle was by no means the worst of the large company of minor poets of the eighteenth century. If the beautifully simple song, "There's na'e luck about the hoose," be his, his rank is high. Unfortunately for his fame, the doubt raised as to the authorship has not been resolved in his favor. Mickle's talents were put under the stern handicap of a long continued financial distress. While trying to carry on in Edinburgh the business of brewer, inherited from his father, he lost more money than he could pay. His business failure was largely due to the more serious attention that he paid to study and writing. "He had already contracted the habits of literary life," is Chalmers' expression. Curiously enough, somewhat late in life, after he had set up as a literary man and had endured many hardships, he gained a handsome competence in acting as joint agent for the disposition of prizes of war gained by a squadron under his friend, Admiral Johnstone, to whom Mickle had sailed as secretary.

Although Mickle wrote a conventional tragedy,—refused by all the managers,—and employed the heroic couplet in his more

serious poems, he is, nevertheless, to be counted among those who saw from afar the rising sun of Romanticism. In some ways his *The Concubine*, called *Sir Martyn* in the second edition of 1778, is the most successful Spenserian imitation of the period. In 1782 he published an edition of Pearche's *Collection of Poems*, including in it his own *Hengist and May* and *Mary Queen of Scots*. His best ballad, *Cumnor Hall*, highly praised by Sir Walter Scott, appeared in Evans's *Old Ballads* (1777-1784).

The bolt of Mickle's ridicule in *The Prophecy of Queen Emma* did not strike its aim in every case. Mr. Chalmers in his *Life of Mickle* says of it: "In 1782, our poet published *The Prophecy of Queen Emma*, a ballad, with an ironical preface containing an account of its pretended author and discovery, and hints for vindicating the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley. This irony, however, lost part of its effect by the author's pretending that a poem which is modern both in language and in versification was the production of a prior of Durham in the reign of William Rufus, although he endeavors to account for this with some degree of humor, and is not unsuccessful in imitating the mode of reasoning adopted by dean Miles and Mr. Bryant, in the case of Chatterton." The ballad of *Queen Emma* is, indeed, "modern in both language and versification." A stanza or two will show Chalmers' statement to be true in this particular:—

O'er the hills of Cheviot beaming
Rose the silver dawn of May;
Hostile spears and helmets gleaming
Swell'd along the mountain gray.

Edwin's warlike horn resounded
Through the winding dales below,
And the echoing hills rebounded
The defiance of the foe.

O'er the downs like torrents pouring
Edwin's horsemen rushed along,
From the hills like tempests loursing
Slowly marched stern Edgar's throng.

The declamation of *Queen Emma*, in this sophisticated pseudo-ballad form, is hurled upon her warring sons for some thirty-five verses. Even when

In her purple bosom quivering
Deep a feathered arrow stood,

the Queen continues to prophesy that

Soon the Dane, the Scott, and Norman
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,
Every hold and city storming,
Every herd and field devour.

The delightful, subtle irony of the reasons that Mickle gave in the "Postscript by the Editor" for setting forth the ballad in modern dress is partly missed by the editor of *The Works of the English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper*,—and perhaps by many another. Mickle excuses himself for the modern face of his ballad in this wonderfully clever piece of bantering:—

As to the modern orthography of the foregoing Ballad, nothing can be more easily accounted for. The fortunate Discoverer showed the MS. in the genuine character and orthography of the reign of William Rufus to the Editor and many other friends; but going on a rather sudden resolution on his journey to Lapland he took it along with him, to compare it with the MSS. of that country and of Iceland; and it is on the entreaty of his friends, since his departure that he sent the foregoing copy for publication, which he not only reduced to modern orthography, but has also struck out several unintelligible words, which none but those who have dipt into some obsolete dictionary can understand; urging these reasons for so doing, that to print a modern poem in old spelling, no more makes it an old poem than one's going to Westminster Abbey, and putting General Monk's cap on his head, would make him General Monk; and that if an obsolete dictionary, which contained the same set of uncouth words which he had struck out, should happen to be found, it would afford a handle to doubt its authenticity, as nothing is easier than to stick old words into a poem, . . . nothing is easier than to string together all the hard words of King Alfred's days. . . . And certainly our friend argued very judiciously in stripping his MS. of hard old words, and other appearances so easily assumed, and of such suspicious countenance when they chance to be detected.

The "editor" had become possessed of the *Prophecy* from "a very ingenious and learned Antiquarian, very zealous for his researches for lost literature," who was at that moment "on his

travels through Lapland on purpose to discover proofs of the authenticity of his favorite Ossian." In that land he had "found a copy of Ossian's poems, in the handwriting of one of his own sons, preserved in the archives of the College of Bards,"—an institution of learning that Mickle found in Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*. The manuscript of the *Prophecy* this ingenious and learned Antiquarian had discovered under wonderful circumstances, the account of which is capital burlesque of old chest-literature:—

About three years ago, as the learned Gentleman was searching for antiquities in the cathedral of Durham, he observed a heap of boards and other rubbish in a corner of the belfry; and next day, having procured leave from the bishop to remove it, he brought two workmen with him and in about two hours they came to an old chest of Norway oak at the bottom of the heap. Great was the joy at this discovery, but, alas! on opening it, it contained only a few hoods and surplices,—not one MS. which was the principal object of the search. . . . During the night after this adventure, he could hardly sleep; but in the morning he dreamed of an old chest, which contained, in a double bottom, a great deal of ancient coin. Of this he took no notice for the present; but still old chests with false bottoms, and heaps of most curious coin, haunted his dreams; till on the third morning, he resolved once more to examine the chest in the belfry. But cruel disappointment still followed him;—the chest, on cutting it up, had no false bottom at all. In the rage of this distress, he seized the carpenter's axe, and so violently struck the lid, using indeed some rash words, that he fairly split it in two. And now the treasure appeared:—a fair MS. in good preservation. And while our Antiquarian hugged it, and kissed it for joy, the carpenter wisely observed, there was no wonder it was found in a double lid, for that dreams are always contrary!

In order not to fall into the distressful plight in which MacPherson and Chatterton found themselves on being required to produce their original manuscripts, the "editor" wisely forestalled the demands of impudent critics who might ask for the original writing. "The pseudo-critics, whom we have already described as haters of discovered poetry, will no doubt endeavor ^{at} least to pick holes in the above narrative." His previous

description of them had been this: "Though the most sagacious and learned class of critics are, at first glance, most pleasingly convinced of the authenticity of poems and MSS. claiming an ancient date, yet there are a sort of ignorant pedants who delight at cavilling at what they can never refute, and who bear a particular enmity to the restorers of long lost poetry." These ignorant pedants he warns not to insist too strongly upon the production of the original manuscript. "The public are hereby advertised, that the learned Gentleman now in Lapland is very testy in his disposition, and of all things cannot bear to have the authenticity of his MS. called in question."

No man is obliged to explain his motives to an impertinent public; and it is to be feared, that, should the Public be impertinent to him, our friend, on his return from Lapland, may refuse to show the MS. of his Ballad to proper judges, or to authenticate by proper witnesses, where and by what means he acquired it. But the editor pledges himself thus far to the Public, that, if he is able to put the MS. into Mr. Bew's hands, he undertakes to teach Mr. Bew the ancient character in a few days, by which he will be fully enabled to see, with his own eyes, that the printed copy is genuine And thus we shall escape the lamentable though laughable blunder which Mr. Beckett fell into, when, on the publication of Johnson's Tour, he assured the Public, in an advertisement in the papers, that the MSS. of Ossian, in the original tongue, had been there three months in his possession;—whereas we all know that Mr. Beckett knew not a word of Erse, and that therefore the MSS. left in his possession might have been a parcel of Highland leaves, for anything that he could know either pro or con. The lovers of old poetry newly discovered must, therefore, be pleased to note with what precaution we intend to avoid the like ridiculous situation.

No matter how great the crowd of carping critics who may doubt the antiquity of the ballad of Queen Emma, "the learned defenders of Rowley must not be of the number. And even the learned Dr. Millne and the ingenious Mr. Bryant must own that our Ballad contains one intrinsic mark of Antiquity in a higher degree than the poems of Rowley: it does not contain one line, half-line, scrap or illusion from or to Mr. Pope, or any other modern poets!"

A particularly pointed dart at the ways of the ballad tinkers and of the reproducers of "Northern Literature" is this passage:—

But as the Editor has hitherto acted with the utmost candor, he cannot conceal a certain circumstance, which has staggered even himself; not indeed, as to the authenticity of the MS. for that he saw and was judge of; but of a certain part of his Lapland friend's conduct. The case is this: He perfectly well remembers that, when he first saw the MS. of Queen Emma, the first five or six stanzas were totally different from those now published according to his friend's last copy. Now, what shall we say to this? Why, truly, it would be a hard matter to account for it, did not the case of Fingal help us out at this dead lift. True it is, that about the year 1758, was published, by Hamilton and Balfour, at Edinburgh, a shilling octave pamphlet, containing Mr. MacPherson's first specimens of his fragments of Erse poetry, the preface to which proposed his travelling in the Highlands, if enabled to do so, for the recovery of several others, particularly an epic poem named Fingal, the beginning of which was the concluding specimen of the pamphlet. But this opening, and a large portion it was, is no more like the opening of the first book of Fingal afterwards published by the same Translator, than one of Robin Hood's songs is like that of Chevy Chase. Several years ago the Editor mentioned this seemingly strange circumstance to a learned Scottish Antiquarian, who very easily and satisfactorily accounted for it in this manner: "Among the various copies of Ossian, said he, which the learned Translator found in the Highlands, some were more perfect than others, and from the most perfect the complete edition has been given." Now, as the old proverb says, *what is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander*; so this vindication is applicable to our Ballad: and our friend, having found more perfect copies of his MS. in Lapland than that found in Durham, in justice and due deference to the Public, has presented them with the foregoing, as not only the best, but the most genuine copy of the ancient Prophecy of Queen Emma.

The modern editor of Chatterton, the Reverend Professor W. W. Skeat, generously acknowledges that the books most powerfully contributing to the settlement of the Chatterton

controversy are the pamphlets that appeared in the year 1782. It is Thomas Warton's "Enquiry" and Tyrwhitt's "Vindication," however, that he has in mind. Credit for the final disposition of the Ossian question is generally given to the report of the Highland Society of London, published in 1807. As an agent in dismissing the claims of forgers of false notes of hand in the parish of Parnassus, Mickle's pamphlet has received scant notice. The effect it had in its own day is not recorded. It undoubtedly ran a great risk of being taken seriously,—the divining rod of good burlesque. I am glad to confess that I read the ballad and some fifteen pages of the "Postscript" in the firm belief that the writer was serious in his intention, while I was of the opinion that of all the publishers of old poetry newly discovered he was the least skilful and most quackish in counterfeiting antiquity. It is that pleasing sort of burlesque which makes you violently angry with the writer for daring to assume that you are so gullible as to gulp down his bungling swindle.

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MODERNITY

It was Lowell, or someone else equally happy in such things, who said that though those who lived in America might feel the greater discomfort of the vessel's prow, they had, nevertheless, the advantage of being the first to sight new land. There is a similar sense of compensation in being alive at the present time. One could easily choose from the past ages those of greater beauty and comfort, but, in the opinion of most of us, none which affords so interesting an outlook upon the changing face of existence. We are the first that ever burst into many a sea of thought and experience which have till now lain silent and uncharted. For some, the giddiness and nausea of the voyage outweigh the fascination of the widening horizon. For others, they are unfelt or forgotten in its thrill.

If it is attempted to state the characteristics of the present age there is one which is immediately obvious. The present is peculiarly a self-conscious time. Perhaps nothing distinguishes it more clearly from earlier periods than this growing disposition of humanity "to regard itself at arm's length," as Governor Woodrow Wilson has expressed the idea. Self-consciousness is to a large extent a fault of personality, but for mankind, as a whole, it is a virtue. Indeed, such a growing sense of human solidarity and responsibility might serve as a good gauge of the growth of civilization, and this in spite of certain obvious faults with which it is often accompanied.

To anyone who feels such interest in modernity and its self-revelation, a study of a picked number of contemporary thinkers is worthy of notice. Mr. Henderson has made such a study, or rather a series of such studies, in his recently published volume, entitled *Interpreters of Life*,* a volume which, in spite of what he might himself term a somewhat polysyllabic extravagance of style, is extremely interesting and illuminative. We have just used the word contemporary as applied to the subjects

* *Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit*, by Archibald Henderson. Mitchell Kennerley, New York and London, 1911.

of Mr. Henderson's book, and though the word is not, strictly speaking, correct, since only two of the five authors treated are now alive, nevertheless the influence of all five is so contemporaneous as to justify its use. Meredith, Wilde, and Ibsen are scarcely less a reflection of what we vaguely but conveniently call "our age" than Maeterlinck and Shaw. For the transmission of the nerve impulses, afferent and efferent, of humanity's thought is necessarily so slow as often to allow us to speak of such influences as immediate, even when the member from which they proceed is actually dead.

The choice of Mr. Henderson's subjects is fairly representative, although some might prefer to one or more of those chosen such names as those of Nietzsche, Kipling, or Rostand. The choice of the book's title is perhaps open to greater criticism. In how far do these five authors really interpret life? To interpret is to make plain or intelligible. The only one of the five who can lay claim to anything approaching a definite creed or system of life is perhaps Meredith. Ibsen declared that his vocation was not to answer questions but to ask them, and the same thing is true in a less degree of Maeterlinck and Shaw. Wilde neither asked nor answered. Of course there is another and a legitimate sense in which an author may be an interpreter of life, and yet possess neither creed nor system. A dark room may be made plain or intelligible in either of two ways—by revealing the room or by revealing the darkness. Only the first way requires a light. In the same manner a thinker who finds life merely

"A mighty maze of walks without a plan,"

(as Pope originally wrote his line), may be said to interpret life when he shows its difficulty of interpretation.

If it is granted that communal self-consciousness is a contemporary trait, it will not be denied that lack of exact dogma is another. It would be an interesting experiment to pick five representative authors at intervals of fifty years, counting back from the present, and contrast the attitudes of the different groups in this regard. Certainly 1861 as compared with 1911 would show a curious contrast. For instance, Newman, Carlyle,

Huxley, Tennyson, and Browning, represent among themselves marked differences of opinion, but they are all alike in that each does represent an interpretation of life which can be formulated in a more or less definite dogma. The attitude of Mr. Henderson's authors is, as we have observed it, obviously in contrast. Of course, the answer can be made that theological and philosophical prose is a medium for dogma, and that fiction and drama are not. But the important fact is rather that the choice of the latter and not the former mediums of expression is symptomatic of a time which prefers observation and analysis to judgment and direction.

George Meredith's gospel, as far as it may be formulated, demands in his own words

Each of each in sequent birth,
Blood and brain and spirit.

This influence has been a great one. At the middle of the nineteenth century all popular ethical exhortation was in the direction of that which bade

"Move upward, working out the beast."

Under the influence of Meredith and the biologists, we have been reminded of the importance of physiology as well as psychology and ethics, and have been shown that when the despised "beast" is "worked out," a very devitalized man is the result—that blood is no less an essential and sacred element of man than brain and spirit. And yet it must be admitted by all, save the most orthodox Meredithians, that in his own work the first member of this trinity is not of one power with the other two. Meredith's literary progeny are chiefly brain and spirit. He has not, like his countryman, Mr. Shaw, a contempt for "those two greasy commonplaces, flesh and blood," but he has a similar fastidious delicacy which makes their artistic presentation somewhat flat, though brilliant. To feel the lack, it is only necessary to compare Shakespeare's or Browning's

Fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse.

Meredith's other most marked influences were his wit and humor. Once asked the reason of his obscurity, he replied

that "Providence and Walter Besant had exhausted the Obvious." And since then, the Inobvious has been threatened with a like exhaustion by an army of those who attempt originality through imitation. Meredith's humor and subtlety were a Celtic revolt against the despotic fact of the Anglo-Saxon supremacy of dullness and obviousness. Chiefly through the influence of Matthew Arnold and himself, a Sense of Humor has become popularized and domesticated. All may grow the flower—with greater or less success—now they have sown the seed. The only bad result is that—as some one has observed about a prolonged reading of Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*—in time one begins to expect the unexpected, and humor too consistently employed acquires the monotony of solemnity itself.

When we leave Meredith for Mr. Henderson's other interpreters, the lack of creed or system is more manifest. Disraeli's familiar epigram of the religion of a sensible man might have been spoken by Oscar Wilde. To read his *De Profundis* is to feel that he possessed the religion of all æsthetes, but to feel as well that æsthetes never do, and perhaps never can, tell what that religion is. An auditor of Wilde's lectures has described them as weak solutions of Ruskin. The affirmative and serious side of him is well described thus—but his more characteristic and important side was neither affirmative nor serious. Swinburne wrote—

We match not the dead men who bore us
At a song, at a kiss, at a crime.

Wilde (although certainly not in the class of the dead men who bore us) was one of those who came under the spell of the hedonism of certain earlier ages, and so passed to a moral ruin which cannot, for most of us, be dissociated from his art. He was a confessed Antinomian, and he perished by the laws he defied. Such a career is a possible product of an undogmatic age which cannot be ignored. There is further in Wilde's writing a certain streak of soft fibre which is marked by sentimentalism as absurd as crude. It is strange to find the diamonds of his wit—which are as flashing and clear as they

are hard—caught, so to speak, in the wilted petals of such soft sentimentality.

Of Maeterlinck the former metaphor of the dark room seems particularly appropriate. The symbolism of *Les Aveugles* implies that we are all lost in the darkness of night and blindness. The fact that such an interpretation should be presented in poetic and symbolic form is, of course, most important. But we cannot agree with Mr. Henderson that either Maeterlinck's Idealism or his grasp of science is of a very penetrating nature. To compare him with Marcus Aurelius, as Mr. Henderson does, is to feel the difference between one who "sees life steadily and sees it whole" and one who sees it fitfully and in part. Nor do we think that the scientists accept the "Life of the Bee" as good science. Maeterlinck is a true child of his time just because he sees the infinite illusiveness of existence, and voices, as a poet can, its ineffable quality. We speak, however, with less knowledge of Maeterlinck's works than of those of the other authors considered, and it behoves us to be modest in judgment. To paraphrase the well known epigram: None of us is omniscient—not even the author of a short magazine article.

If Maeterlinck is the least potent of the names chosen in our list, Ibsen is certainly the most so. The influence of his drama has been such as to unroof the contemporary stage and let in upon its unreal and romantic moonshine the hard gray daylight of reality. And yet, strange as it may seem, there is for many more of Wonder, which is the true soul of romance, in this grim picturing of actuality than in Miss Marie Corelli and many of her betters. What concerns us at present with Ibsen is that he, the strongest voice of his time, is (in our first sense of the word) the least interpretative. He declared "my vocation is to question, not to answer." Perhaps the words of Mephistopheles: "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint," are even a better expression of his spirit. In questioning the ideals about him, he is constantly denying their authority. What he never does is to answer with an affirmative ideal of his own. The well-known turn-about from the portrayal of the bad results of the idealist, as shown in earlier plays, to the bad results of

the realist, as shown in *The Wild Duck*, marks one who could doubt the efficiency of everything except dubiety itself.

Ibsen is recorded as saying: "It should be the endeavor of every dramatist to improve the prevailing order of the world." Beside Aristotle's object of the drama, "to purge with pity and terror," this sounds vague and pedantic. The reason and endeavor of Ibsen's drama was rather that expressed by another pessimist in what he calls

The cold rage that seizes one at whiles
To show the naked, old, and wrinkled Truth.

The criticism that to many others truth does not look thus was answered by Ibsen in the words (actually used by him), "I am afraid none of the sound potatoes came under my observation." And in consequence, as it has been often observed, he gives us the pathology of the social body, but never its physiology or hygiene.

And last we come to Mr. Bernard Shaw, the long advertised and advertising, whose underlying seriousness of purpose is gradually becoming apparent to a long-bewildered public. Shaw's voice is that of satiric protest not only against ideal and tradition, but against the very "Protestants of Protestantism" themselves. Contrasted with Ibsen, to whom he owes so much, his most marked attributes are his wit and humor, but there is a further contrast and one which is for our present purpose even more significant. It is perhaps more in Shaw than in any other author of the day that the great stream of scientific thought which began in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which has, for a large part, as far as letters is concerned, been an underground river, now first shows itself. Huxley defined science as "organized common-sense." Beneath all the scintillation of wit and Bab-Ballad bizarrerie of comic situation, one feels in Shaw a purpose which has as its chief directing force "organized common-sense." Nor is it a refutation of this to cite his own mockery of what he terms "the revival of tribal sooth-saying and idolatrous rites which Huxley called Science, and mistook for an advance upon the Pentateuch." He may even write entire plays to exhibit certain absurdities of science, but his most

adroit paradoxical twist will not allow his escape from the hand by which his thought is really supported, and by which he has been led to all those reforms, economic, hygienic, and eugenic, which he advocates. But to try to elucidate Shaw partakes too much of the attempted illumination of exploding fireworks by the aid of a safety match. Matthew Arnold speaks of

The barren optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles who cannot see.

Shaw is the caustic nitrate of silver which is perhaps the best curative treatment for such eyes. His commandment is the same as Ibsen's, and is directed to all who are too much at ease in Zion: Thou shalt not be comfortable. True it is that men shall not live by satire alone, and Mr. Shaw probably knows this as well as any. Corrosive sublimate and cautery have their important therapeutic uses, but they cannot take the place of bread and meat, although they may in the long run effect a better digestion of those indispensable commodities.

One is naturally led to ask the reason of the lack of constructive interpretation of life in the present as compared with the preceding generations. Certainly one reason is the lessened regard for religious dogma. Of the five men chosen as representative of the thought of 1861, three—Newman, Tennyson, and Browning—were in avowed sympathy with the teaching of a church. The other two, Carlyle and Huxley, were distinctly outside of such influence. None of the five whom we have just considered as representatives of to-day show church influence. But even more significant is what we have emphasized as the lack of assumed authority by the thinkers themselves. With the possible exception already noted, they are not only not Orthodox, they are not even what Mr. Chesterton rightly defines as Heretics—that is, individuals who confidently believe that they alone of all the world represent Orthodoxy. Their attitude is, in the main, that of Oscar Wilde: "I am a born Antinomian; I belong to the men who are made for exceptions, not for laws." That such an age of Antinomianism and intellectual Anarchy should mean only perversity or despair we do not, however, admit. It does mean, among other things, what Arnold called

"an epoch of expansion," as opposed to "epochs of concentration," and it means a growing sense of the complexity of life in all its relations, political, social, and philosophical. The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns, not by any means always widened in wise or healthy directions, but nevertheless widened that they may find new wisdom and new health. The so-called doctrines of Pragmatism and Pluralism are interestingly significant of such changes. Men are feeling that life is too big and too little understood a thing to be always packed into convenient intellectual concepts, and men are realizing the great diversity of spiritual experiences which can be tapped—to use the phrase of William James—for spiritual help.

The conclusion of the whole matter, then, would seem to be that though our time is not one of assured interpretation, it is, none the less, one not without other compensatory qualities of earnestness, common sense, and hope.

"This ghastly thin-faced age of ours" is self-confessedly lacking in Beauty, Dignity, Simplicity, Largeness, and a hundred other noble attributes which one spells with a capital letter, and calls vainly from the vasty deep of the desirable. At least it is fairly honest with itself and there is abroad in it, politically, ethically, and spiritually, a wistfully eager desire to be led aright.

It is interesting, and, however futile, it is harmless (if one preserves a lively sense of one's limitations) to look around in our time, and try to read its lessons. Just because the new lands ahead are yet so low and dim upon the horizon, they possess a certain thrilling interest which is peculiarly our own. And even though it be in vain that we cry, "Watchman, tell us of the night," yet this is granted us: that we can look up into the stars and talk together of them, that we can, with patience and cheerfulness, wait for the sun, wondering when and where it may rise again.

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THE ITALIAN NOVELLA

No literary taste was stronger during the Middle Ages than that for stories. Boccaccio dates his own love of stories and of story-telling very early: "I well remember," he says, in his *Genealogy of the Gods*, "that before seven years of age, when as yet I had seen no fictions and applied to no masters, I had a natural turn for fiction, and produced some trifling tales." When he did come to see fictions, I fancy not so many years after this, they were the monkish collections known as lapidaries and bestiaires, French *fabliaux*, the Latin romance of the Seven Wise Masters, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and *Il Novellino*, the earliest known Italian collection of tales. Here, in brief, we have both the matter and the form of the *Decameron*, one of the most remarkable works of fiction that has ever been written. All things considered, its immediate and enormous influence on Italian prose, in a manner created by it, its breadth of scope, its artistic excellence, its quickening and lasting impulse in international literature, I do not know but what it is quite fair to say, the most remarkable work of fiction that has ever been written. Stories float about in the air, known to all, but recognized by few, until some master mind gathers up the *disjecta membra*, fuses them into an organic whole, and stamps it with his genius. This is what Boccaccio did, for it is not invention, nor the description of manners, nor the delineation of passion, nor moral insight, that constitutes the peculiar excellence of the *Decameron*. It is Boccaccio's "natural turn for fiction," his unerring instinct in seizing upon just the right material, and his marvellous power of moulding it to his will. He is the best story-teller, as story-teller, in all the world.

The *Decameron* is a world-book. It gathered up the fiction of the men of its day, oriental, classical, and current, and expressed it with inimitable simplicity, with graceful charm, with undying freshness. And the whole one hundred tales, with but one or two exceptions, have passed into the literature and the art of the modern nations. No collection of stories has made such an impress on the literature of the world, and no literary form has

been more widely copied than the framework of pleasing romance that holds the work together. Boccaccio's literary art is indeed so perfect, that, although rival *novellieri* sprang up all over Italy, there is no noteworthy variation from the plan of the master. Most of the novelists acknowledge themselves the disciples of Boccaccio, oftentimes in terms of the warmest admiration for his genius. Sacchetti, who was his personal friend, and who wrote *bourgeois* tales in the purest Florentine vernacular, quite without literary art, tells us that it was his enthusiasm for the *Decameron* that prompted him to write at all. Masuccio, the Neapolitan, claims that he learned the art of satirical writing at the feet of Boccaccio and Juvenal. Bargagli and Giraldi even introduce their love stories with the lurid background of the *Decameron*, Bargagli describing in simple and affecting language the sufferings of the Siennese during the siege of 1553, and Giraldi depicting the horrors of the sack of Rome, in 1527. Giraldi's imitation is so close that he even has a company of ten persons reciting ten tales a day, and a Greek title, *Gli Ecatommiti*.

Among the *novellieri* who have influenced English literature, Boccaccio easily ranks first, with Bandello a close second, but of scarcely less importance in the development of the Elizabethan drama and lyric, are Franco Sacchetti, Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, Masuccio Guardato, and Giraldi Cintio. These six novelists, out of a much larger group, may be accepted as representative Italian story-tellers, easily leading the stream of tendency towards England.

Ser Giovanni's fifty novels, called collectively *Il Pecorone*, are largely historical; for example, Ser Giovanni relates the myth of Troy, and how Æneas passed from Troy to Italy; he writes lives of the Countess Matilda and of Frederick Barbarossa; he tells us the origin of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and of the Blacks and Whites, why the Popes moved to Avignon, and how Corso Donati met his tragical fate. These subjects are treated in a simple, easy style, interspersed with charming lyrics, and varied with considerable dramatic effect. But the imitation of Boccaccio is everywhere apparent, and the historical *novella* is less interesting on the whole than such transcripts of real life as

we find in Sacchetti and Masuccio and Giraldi, who write from the three chief centres of the Italian Renaissance, Florence, Naples, and Ferrara.

Although Franco Sacchetti was a lyrist of high rank, his songs exhibiting both spontaneity of inspiration and great literary and musical art in the setting, yet his three hundred tales are simply strung together, with no framework of fiction and no lyrical embellishments whatever. They are not romances, and make no pretensions of being other than we find them, short anecdotes, or facetiæ, with here and there a moral by the author.

Some of the *novelle* are anecdotes of great personages. Dante and Giotto and Guido Cavalcante and Filippo Brunelleschi, giving just such pictures of democratic Renaissance manners as we see in Brunelleschi's celebrated *beffa*, the anonymous *novella* called *Il Grasso Legnainalo*. In this story, the sculptor, Donatello, Francesco Rucellai, and their associates, partly gentlemen and partly handicraftsmen, assist Brunelleschi to persuade one Manetto, a woodcarver, that he has been changed into a certain Matteo. The *novella* is simply a cruel practical joke, but it is full of fun, and quite as real as Donatello's St. George, or Brunelleschi's famous cupola, 'raised above the heavens' over Santa Maria del Fiore.

Masuccio Guardato, a nobleman of Salerno, and secretary to Prince Roberto Sanseverino, ranked next to Boccaccio in popular favor, judging by the number of editions of his fifty novels before they fell under the ban of the first Index Expurgatorius, in 1541. The collection is called simply *Il Novellino*, and presents a lively picture of the south and Naples. Masuccio is the most original Italian novelist, both in choice of subject and in treatment. Departing from Boccaccio's framework, he dedicates each *novella* to some noble man or woman in Neapolitan society, and being naturally a realist, he prefers to describe life as he saw it lived around him, in court and country, rather than to entertain with adventure and romance. Like Boccaccio, whom he professes to follow, Masuccio's *novelle* are full of satire on monks and friars; indeed, he asserts that his main purpose was to expose "*la guasta vita de' finti religiosi*," and as if to invite his place in the first Index Expurgatorius, of his first group of

ten tales, all but one are stories of the villainy and sharp practices of ecclesiastics. Following close upon this strong painting of hypocrisy comes Shakespeare's story of Lorenzo and Jessica. This charming episode, inserted in such a place, well illustrates with what delicacy and grace Masuccio could write romance when he chose to. By its side may be set the story of the girl who puts on armor and goes out at night to kill her faithless lover, or the tournament at Rimini, or the tragedy of Mariotto and Giannozza, the original Italian version of Romeo and Juliet. The blending of romance and sentiment, tragedy and comedy, in these delightful tales, shows that Masuccio possessed the true literary feeling, that he could command "joy and solace," as the old French poets say; but he could command something else besides, and it is in his serious *novelle* that his real power is felt, especially in those tales that deal with a secularized and corrupt church. No more striking portrait of Pope Alexander VI exists than Masuccio's account of one of his exploits as Cardinal Roderigo Borgia. In moral tone, Masuccio rises easily above all the other novelists of the Renaissance. He describes low life, he feels no compunction in portraying vicious people, panders to every sort of evil, but we are never left in any doubt as to what is evil, and what is not. In this respect, the difference between Masuccio and the other novelists is the same as the difference between the Italian *novella* and the Elizabethan drama founded on it. The incidents of both are oftentimes coarse, and the language horribly outspoken, but the moral tone of the Elizabethan dramatists is unmistakable. They call things by their homely Saxon names, but they fear God and hate the lie, they know what honor is, and truth; they make no mistakes in distributing the rewards and penalties of life.

Giraldi Cintio and Bandello are alike in their preference for the tragical *novella* which is the source of the Elizabethan tragedy of horror, like Ford's *Broken Heart* and Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*. Of the two, Bandello's literary gifts were the most varied. Many of Bandello's novels are of French origin, and the collection comes to us through the French of Belleforest, so that, broadly speaking, Bandello may be said to

typify the French influence, arresting and transmuting Italian culture on its way to England.

When we come to compare the *novella* with the corresponding form of fiction in English, the novel, we are at once struck by the fact that historically the romantic drama lies between. The *novella* precedes the drama and the novel follows it. The English novel, from Richardson to Mrs. Humphry Ward, implies the previous existence of the English drama; for elaboration of motive and development of character, it has no other counterpart. The *novella*, on the other hand, is a drama in *decimo sesto*; it is short, sketchy, concentrated; it does not, even collectively, aim at giving a well-rounded picture of life and manners, and individually, it has little or no personality; very often it is no more than a *bon mot* or repartee, and the novelist, like Poggio or Sacchetti, is but a *raconteur*.

The origin of the *novella* in mere anecdote, together with the natural objectivity of the Italian mind, explains one of its most striking characteristics, its air of reality. All the novelists pretend that their tales were originally recited and then written down, and there can hardly be a doubt but that they were really read aloud, or improvised on occasions similar to those invented by Boccaccio, Grazzini, and others. The fact that the popular *novella* attained a permanent literary value only in Italy, the importance of a corresponding form of the Italian drama, the improvisations of the *commedie dell' arte*, and the high cultivation of acting in Italy, an art in which the Italians have always excelled, all go to prove that the *novelliero* was what he claimed to be, literally a story-teller.

Recitation in its turn affected the style of the *novella*; a short story that is told must have point, focus. So the *novelliero* introduces his characters simply by name, and very often even names are superfluous; of the six characters in Giraldis's story of Othello, only one, Disdemona, has a name. The environment is of the baldest kind, and the whole force of the narrative is expended on the action, which is always consistent, the most natural outcome of the circumstances. But of explanation of motives, of development of character, of ethical intention, as in the drama and novel, the *novella* has none.

It is on this point of simplicity of construction, originating in oral story-telling, wherein lies the superiority of the *novella* over the short story in English. Our long stories are better than the short ones, for the reason that the English novelist is on the whole most interested in the ethical view of life. When he sets out to write a short story, therefore, he is wont to attempt, in a few pages, to follow two or three people through several phases of their careers, with a result fatal to artistic construction. Mrs. Ward's *Bessie Costrell* is a case in point. This is a well-written, ill-constructed story; of its three chief characters, we learn too much artistically and too little dramatically. The Italian novelist is instinctively dramatic.

In spite, however, of a pleasing style and an interesting picture of manners, in spite of great variety of incident and an extraordinary ingenuity of plot, the novelists with one accord are exceedingly poverty-stricken in choice of subject. The two main subjects are love and jests, as if life were one grand game of fooling. In humorous fooling, ranging all the way from wit to farce, the *novella* is very rich. Poggio's *Facetiæ* are extremely witty comments on people and things, betraying the keenest observation and the most startling insight. A favorite type of humor is the vulgar practical joke, which often degenerates into the broadest farce. Usually, a sort of continuity is given to a collection of tales by one or two buffoons who turn up here and there throughout, like the clown and pantaloon of the early Italian comedy. Bruno and Buffalmacco are Boccaccio's jesters, and Calandrino their butt; Messer Dolcibene acts the clown for Sacchetti, while three boon companions, Lo Scheggia, Il Mónaco, and Il Pilúcca, are the heroes of the comedy in Grazzini's *Suppers*.

Love in the *novella* is not the spiritual passion of Guido Guinicelli and Dante; it is love as we see it depicted in the poetry of the Troubadours, or rather that fantastic sentiment as it was understood by the cultivated, pleasure-loving Italians of the Renaissance. It is love in which refinement, brutality, and cruelty are strangely mixed, love full of romantic nonsense, of scholastic discussions, of sensuous enjoyment. Nature, especially the merry month of May, is made for lovers; the grass

is always green, beautiful flowers bloom perpetual, the birds sing, and there is plentiful sunshine,—and moonshine. Passion does not enter into this conception of love, nor duty, nor work, nor responsibility, nor the thousand quiet needs that come by sun and candle-light, when Adam and Eve undertake to keep house together in Paradise. There is a gay, *insouciant* shunning of all that is serious and moral in the lives of men and women. Life is too amusing to be serious, too sentimental, too piquant, too full of trifling incidents and gossip and chat. It is an idle world, a world of talk.

An Elizabethan translator of more than ordinary interest was Sir Thomas North, who rendered into his inimitable prose the *Morall Philosophie of Doni*. In the preface of Doni's book of dialogues, *I Marmi*, he represents himself flying aloft, hovering over the marble steps of the piazza Santa Liberata, in Florence, listening to the talk of the young men who resort there in the cool of evening,—

“And for as much as they are all fine wits and comely, they have a thousand lovely things to say — novels, strata-gems, and fables; they tell of intrigues, stories, jokes, tricks played off on men and women — all things sprightly, noble, noteworthy, and fit for gentle ears.”

The morale of the *novella* cannot be better presented than in this picture. This is not the place to speak of the political and social changes which brought about such a national temper. The bare statement of fact is, that the *novella* is the literary form in which the spirit of the Italian Renaissance expressed itself most naturally and most freely, and that that spirit was gay, unreflective, optimistic, and frankly sensuous. A little Elizabethan snatch, so wild that it almost takes your breath away, is born right out of it, and voices it exactly,—

Hey, nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine
And turn upon toe
And sing, hey, nonny no,
When the winds blow, and the seas flow?
Hey, nonny no!

It is the fashion to call the morality of the Renaissance 'paganism,' a view which does considerable injustice to the pagans. I think they are nearer the truth who describe it as a return to nature; it is a revolt from mediæval asceticism and ecclesiastical hypocrisy, which finds its boldest expression in the *Decameron*. The novelists seem to throw down the gauntlet to religion and morality. How wide the divergence had become between profession and conduct, between temperamental optimism and the actual conditions of life, may be seen from such a work as Valla's *De Voluptate*, which is a disputation between naturalism and humanism on the one side, and the mediæval scheme of ethics on the other. Valla gives the argument to the church, but naturalism carries the day; just so, all great Italians of the Renaissance are free-thinkers without ceasing to be Catholics. Pulci, like a street singer, opens each canto of the *Morgante Maggiore* with an invocation to the madonna, or a paraphrase of a collect; in like manner, not a few *novelle* are introduced with prayers or moral reflections utterly at variance with the story that follows.

In order to be just to the *novellieri* we must first free our minds of the notion that they aim to instruct; they do sometimes point a moral, and they are almost sure to adorn their tales, but they are didactic never. To one who feels the long tragedy of Italian history, it is pathetic to note how the novelists one and all turn away from civil strife and pestilence and wretched social conditions, to seek comfort in the things of mind. Sacchetti's little preface reads like a litany, with a difference, for in the midst of 'battle, murder, and sudden death,' he thinks of "that excellent Florentine poet, Messer Giovanni Boccaccio," and his care-killing tales. And then, in a few lines, with admirable brevity of expression, Sacchetti states the purpose of the *novella*, and it is not ethical at all, it is amusement, *joie et soulaz*. The novelist has simply undertaken to entertain, by fiction, a small company, in fact, the reading public, and all is fish that comes to his net, historical truths, practical jokes, the devices of lovers, the buffoonery of clowns, the wickedness of priests, the tragedy and the pathos, even the sanctities of private life. No rank or condition, neither age nor

sex, was exempt from the wit and the ingenuity of the *novelliero*.

One of the charms of the *Decameron* is the description of natural scenery which serves to introduce and connect the days. Indeed, the beautiful setting of the hundred tales must have added greatly to their popularity, not only with the Florentines, for whom the work was thus cast in the glamour of a familiar and lovely landscape, but with the Italians, who have inherited from classic times a love of the country and of country pleasures and sports. Many *novelle* are idylls, and not infrequently a tale that offends all modern canons of taste is yet exquisitely set. The master emotion that is acting may be a proper subject of criticism, but the feeling for nature is pure and genuine. It is not a spiritual sympathy with nature, such as we have come to know from our later English poets, nor has it anything of what Ruskin calls "the pathetic fallacy," that way of looking at nature which considers it dyed in the human emotions of which it is the mute witness. Rather it is Chaucerian, a joyous, buoyant delight in out-of-doors, in the green of summer, in running water, in birds and flowers and sunshine. Fancy Chaucer made classical, and you have Boccaccio's or Sermini's treatment of nature. With them, the landscape seems finished, so to say, it has been humanized by long association with men, all sorts of actions have taken place in it, and it has survived, the same ample, smiling, blooming Mother Earth. The fair weather aspect of nature in the *novella* is emphasized by the fact that the scene of the tales, as in the *Decameron*, is often a villa garden. Straparola's *Nights* gets its name from his fiction of the tales being told in the open of the Italian summer nights. With the Italians, something of their gaiety and *naïveté* of temperament seems to enter into the conception of nature, and they prefer to think of her as always kind. Boiardo's fawn is so sensitive to natural influences that he weeps when the sky is fair, because he fears bad weather, and laughs in the rain storms, because he knows the sun will shine again.

But the *novelliero* is no philosopher withal, his view of life is entirely on the surface of things. Although he has abundant curiosity and an acute faculty of observation, he makes no study

of motives. He creates Iago malignant and Portia bright and resourceful, but what these qualities have to do with the tragedy of the one, or the happy romance of the other, the novelist does not in the least concern himself. It is just this poverty of intellectual content, associated with extraordinary diversity of incident, that rendered the *novelle* such a mine of wealth to the Elizabethan dramatists. They furnished the outlines of dramas which the poet could fill in at his pleasure. It is an extremely interesting inquiry to observe how this filling in was done by different playwrights.

Fletcher, for example, seldom chose a *novella* for a subject, and when he strung three together, as in his comedy, *Women Pleased*, he produced an inferior play. Broadly speaking, and excluding Shakespeare, always and under all circumstances a class by himself, the comic matter of the Italian story-tellers, as it appears in the English drama, is rather episodic, and it is to the writers of tragedy that we must look for an adequate treatment of the possibilities of the *novella*.

Webster is a good study on the relation between the Italian novelist and the Elizabethan dramatist. Shakespeare found Othello in Giraldi an obstinate, morose, cruel barbarian; he made him open and generous, a brave soldier, a knightly commander. The gentle Desdemona sees "Othello's visage in his mind." But a Websterian tragedy is not a development of character under "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" with Webster, "on horror's head horrors accumulate." For this is what Bandello's tragical history of *The Duchess of Malfy* is. In the tale, the widowed Duchess marries her steward and lives happily with him. Her brothers object to the marriage as one beneath her rank, and cruelly murder her, her husband, Antonio, and their three children. It is a series of tragical situations which Webster worked out with great elaboration, profound insight, and a marvellous knowledge of theatrical effect. *The Duchess of Malfy* is, however, a tragedy of situations merely. The unfortunate Duchess has no more character in the drama than in the *novella*, and there she is simply the victim of an untoward fate.

In the year 1890 there was published in Milan a collection of

modern *novelle* by Federico de Roberto, the author of *L'Illusione* and *Ermanno Raeli*. De Roberto calls his book *Processi Verbali*, and his account of it is well worth note as the view of a modern novelist on a literary form in which Italy and France have so far outstripped other nations:—

"*Processo Verbale*," says De Roberto, "means, in common parlance, a simple, rapid, and faithful relation of an event taking place under the eyes of a disinterested spectator. I call *Processi Verbali* tales that are the naked and impersonal transcriptions of little comedies, of little dramas, taken from the life (*colti sul vivo*)."

Then he goes on to lay down the sound artistic principle that a story-teller should be impersonal, he should keep himself well in the background, he should obtrude no descriptions, no reflections, no analyses of mental states, at best but more or less happy hypotheses—he should do nothing, in short, but let his personages speak and act for themselves. A short story is a little drama, a series of lively dialogues, with just enough description as stage direction to keep the whole moving.

I do not know a better analysis of the freshness and crispness and life-likeness of the *novella*.

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KARSHISH AND CLEON

(The Arab)

Karshish, the picker up of learning's crumbs,
 To Abib:
The vagrant scholar to his sage at home
Sends greetings.

(The Greek)

Cleon, the poet,
To Protus in his Tyranny: Much health!

Potentially, Robert Browning possessed dramatic art comparable to that of Shakespeare. Shakespeare was able to convert dramatic conceptions into dramatic realizations, but Browning failed to adapt his dramas to the technical requirements of the stage,—failed because of temperamental limitations from which he could not escape. Only one side of the shield seemed vividly real to him. His dreams, wonderfully acute and burdened with suggestion to the point of obscurity, when visualized into physical action, drop suddenly into the commonplace. Yet one has misgivings in using the term commonplace. Rather is it a too tenuous refinement of character development that takes Browning's people out of the world of reality into an empyrean where one's imagination falters in pursuit. Indeed, it is almost impossible to visualize the men and women of his early plays and poems. We may feel with them; they are too subtle and wholly spirit for us ever to realize that they were men and women of flesh and blood, having like passions with ourselves. Primarily interested in what he called "soul growth," Browning slurred what may be termed the physical marks of recognition. So he left dramas that can never deeply move anyone save the student, who, away from the glare of the footlights and the call-bell of the prompter, is stimulated only by the glow of his study lamp, the quiet of midnight hours.

The adaptation of Browning's work for just this sort of appeal is secured partly by the ideally exceptional characters he selects for portrayal, and partly by the incompleteness of his dramatic

form. Shakespeare moves with sure, solid footing up through carefully marked steps to a central point (what Chaucer calls the "knotte") of dramatic intensity and involution, and then by similar firm movements he guides the tragedy or comedy to its resolution. The close is marked by a sense both of finality and of completeness, leaving the imagination resting content with what has been spread before it. Browning, both in his plays and poems, goes only part of this distance,—he conducts to the apex of the pyramid but he does not guide in the descent. Instead, with a sudden burst of splendor, illuminating every step of the devious ascent and spreading far into the regions yet unexplored, he leaves his reader unattended amid his awakened emotions,—the imagination, like a freed bird, may wing where it will. The resultant feeling of incompleteness is smoothed by a thousand suggestions of possible conclusions; the note of finality is not there. The imagination has been guided through half of the journey only, and then loosened, as if by an electric shock, through the simple magic of a single concluding phrase.

This power of suggestion, of building a scaffolding of events from whose heights he suddenly and unexpectedly releases his followers into the illumined depths beyond, justifies in part my phrase of "potential dramatist." Browning employs this dramatic device in concluding very many of his poems. We see examples of it in the closing line of *Evelyn Hope*,—

You will wake and remember and understand ;

in *A Serenade at the Villa*,—

The iron gate ground its teeth to let me pass !

in *The Englishman in Italy*,—

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time ! To business now ;

and in the startling shriek of Caponsacchi,—

Pompilia, will you let them murder me ?

In such cases, the "rest is not silence;" the "business" has only begun; the basis for a new thought being set, its directions indicated, the reader is left to follow it as he will. Perhaps this is why we come back, over and over again, to Browning, as to

a new poet,— the train of suggestion awakened is never the same, cannot be the same. This peculiar method of Browning's is perhaps most noteworthy in his dramatic monologues.

Both in content and in construction the two monologues, *Karshish* and *Cleon*, represent Browning's peculiar poetic mastery. *Karshish* and *Cleon* revealed themselves in personal letters; and each letter ends in phrases that flash into strong relief the main theme of the poem. Moreover, the concluding paragraph of each poem forces the reader to review freshly the problem raised, to see their easy dissipation in the suggested solutions. Again, the bigness of the issues involved — issues finally dismissed by single, half-careless phrases,— heightens the import of the dramatic situation. Let us for a moment examine the story of each monologue.

Some twenty years after the Crucifixion, *Karshish*, an Arab physician travelling in Palestine, came unexpectedly on *Lazarus*, and learned for the first time his story and also the story of the passion and death of Christ. This man *Lazarus* declared that he had been once dead and was then raised to life by a Nazarene physician. So much could be explained scientifically as a case of epilepsy. However, to the amazement of *Karshish*, *Lazarus* betrayed just those lapses and failures in proper intellectual perspective that could be supposed to attend one of his station who had seen behind the veil, whose soul had attained the full development sought for by *Aprile*, *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*,— a man unable to use so precious an experience because of the repressing influence of warped and atrophied powers. He held as nothing the death of his child,—

While a word, gesture, glance from that same child
Will startle him to an agony of fear.

Lazarus looked on the ignorance and carelessness and sin of the world and the puny efforts of men to end them, as a wise physician on quacks who prattle frantically of the cause and cure of disease. Moreover, he "loved both old and young, able and weak"—even the "flowers of the field, the birds and the beasts"—this man who knew God's secret and who yet, "in prone submission to the heavenly will," went contentedly

about his trade to earn his daily bread, even though Vespasian was on his march from Rome to wipe out the Jewish people. Such things science could not explain; nay, they confirmed — one could not escape the inference — the very claim put forth by Lazarus, — that he saw "whole results" and worked "not with our darkened eyes."

These facts, with manifest hesitation, with numerous attempts to minimize their importance and with the frequent insertion of unconnected detail which, despite him, served to magnify the main story, Karshish wrote to his friend Abib, like himself a scholarly physician. The abrupt, straightforward, unconsciously dramatic style, often bare as a chronicle, was a fit medium for a man of science, and seemed to grow naturally out of the broken Judean hills over which he travelled to meet Lazarus: —

I crossed a ridge of short, sharp, broken hills
Like an old lion's cheek-teeth. Out there came
A moon made like a face with certain spots
Multiform, manifold and menacing;
Then a wind rose behind me. So we met
.
.
.
The man and I.

Unable to reason out the mystery involved in Lazarus by scientific deduction, finding in the man the very facts he least expected, and unwilling to lend belief to the "creed prodigious" which explained all, Karshish took refuge in calling Lazarus a madman, adding in final unsatisfied hesitation, "It is strange."

Cleon is the letter of a philosopher who had sounded the whole gamut of intellectual being. He had excelled in every phase of art, — poetry, painting, sculpture, music, — and had finally acquired a philosophic perception which enabled him to generalize and fuse the knowledge obtained from these sources into one system, which, he was convinced, was the sum of truth. He knew only of the earthly life, its purpose, dignity, beauty, and ultimate achievement; of the "coming consummation past escape" he could say nothing. The sage could sum up into his being the beauty and the strength and the richness of Sappho, of Terpander, of Phidias, of Pericles; feel all they felt and more, for could he not synthesize the entire art of each into one whole,

while they had only touched the limits of knowledge at one bare point? and yet, what joy was at last to issue? No joy, in fact; instead, torture more exquisite, "for most progress is most failure." Since man's crowning misfortune was that he had been endowed with a self-consciousness that forced him to measure the few joys attained with the many missed, making him see the end of all joy, what else was it but this reflective quality that drove him away from "the eventual element of calm" attributed to Zeus and led him into the presence of death with the thought, "It is so horrible"?

"Live long and happy, and in that thought die:
Glad for what was!"—this is all there is to say.

There was no such thing as a life beyond the grave. Of the after-world Zeus would have revealed whatever was worthy, and Zeus had been totally silent.

Thus the most refined and perfected Greek philosophy faced the eternities. The universe is ordained by chance, man unhappily made superior to the beasts, man's capacity for joy limited. Let him then take the cup at hand, draining it to the lees. If he be poet, so; let him dream and write: if he be king, so; let him rule vulgar souls. Only let all live life to the full. Accomplished truth abides. "Be glad for what was." There is no certainty beyond.

The gray old philosopher, with his outwardly serene and well-reasoned system, wrote with one eye on a "white she-slave,"—sent him by his benefactor and questioner, Protus,—an ode of a slave, "the lyric woman,"—

That young and crescent moon, thy slave
Sleeping above her robe as buoyed by clouds;

and grieved that she, turning from himself, would surely prefer the young boatman of the back muscles rippling in the sun, because he, Cleon, forsooth, was aged and wrinkled. So Zeus's gift of self-consciousness to man, the power that enabled him to know himself and view his life's capabilities, was again "the vaporous drop profound" that poisoned happiness. For he who made most progress in self-growth increased likewise the keenness of his horror when he must suffer the deprivations of age,

renounce the love of his fair she-slave, and face extinction in death. Permitted to realize the capacities of a god, he could only use a man's joy, suffer in the dismal tomb a man's fate. When death was faced, sage and king stand on equal footing. Death meant the end of both.

Thus wrote Cleon to King Protus. Under his smooth, fluent phrasing of the well-seasoned thought possessed by a wise Greek there runs a bitter protest against certain limitations of life, swelling once or twice into a cry of anguish. In fancy he sometimes attributed to Zeus the work Christ came to make known—that all life was infused with the spirit of perfection, only waiting time and opportunity to blossom into complete reality; that this relationship made man one with the source of all perfection. But the thought must be cast aside. Logic demanded it; for would not Zeus have made so important a fact known? Protus toiled for an ultimate, dreamed-of reward; yet Cleon must tell him that there was no basis for the hope. In truth, perhaps, all men do labor for some eventual rest, some calm, quite free from all tumult and press; some absorption in glory like the sun; yet again Cleon can give no assurance. The region and the time of eventual calm have not been revealed.

So much for a hurried survey of the detailed subject matter of the two poems. They furnish interesting contrasts in style. *Karshish* is, in the main, straight-forward, chronicle storytelling, the natural epistolary style of a man of science to a familiar friend; sometimes there is a flash of sudden overpowering emotion, as quickly repressed; at other moments the movement unconsciously grows dramatic. The diction is often abrupt, jerky, bare. *Cleon*, on the other hand, abounds in smooth and polished phrasing, beautifully balanced and adorned. *Karshish* is more surely dramatic and suggestive; *Cleon* is fuller of graceful lines and the poetry is more evenly beautiful. Both styles are admirably suited to express two differing modes of thought: the one, the matter-of-fact results of careful anatomizing, with here and there a touch of Oriental emotion; the other, the poetic expression of the Grecian philosophy of life and death. The interest in the two stories is intensified when one recognizes that through *Karshish* and *Cleon* two old and

great civilizations meet, as for the first time, a new theory which entirely upsets their ancient creeds. Browning increases this interest, following a practice I have noted before, by returning to the story in a conclusive summary, closing with a flash of glory that illumines the poem like a world "royal with sunset," interfusing its parts with a soft glamour that vitalizes and beautifies while it binds together; rekindling the landscape, softening the rugged outlines, and bringing into the ken of the imagination regions and relations hitherto undreamed of.

He makes this return in *Karshish* after the letter is seemingly quite done, all the "matter of moment" fully set down. It is a tumultuous expression of conviction, if not of belief in the truth of Christianity, at least in the sufficiency of the doctrine which Lazarus so patiently affirms was proclaimed by the "learned leech":—

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself;
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

Swept out of the calmness of scientific caution, the Arab physician, whose intellectual curiosity was the impelling motive of the craft "inquisitive how pricks and cracks befall the flesh" and "aptest in contrivance to baffle" the too early separation of the "wily vapor" from the body, sees, in the love exemplified by Christ, an influence that would at once ennoble the work of man and bind in unity the efforts of man and God. Love would give a sufficient motive to his own inquisitiveness; love would render intelligible the bold words of Lazarus; love would add grandeur to the quiet art of the physician, make him a co-worker with the "learned leech who perished in a tumult long ago." But Browning only lets Karshish add, "It is strange,"—the words which the madman said the Christ uttered. What were the ultimate conclusions of Karshish the reader is left to surmise. The dramatic knot is tied up firmly, not loosened and resolved into strands which may be minutely examined. Poeti-

cally the last word has been said. The imagination has been kindled by the situation; a satisfying emotional solution to his and kindred problems has been offered in the inclusiveness and power of love. Love adds genuine worth to life, bringing needed tenderness and sweetness to the work of those who do practical service for mankind.

In *Cleon* a different phase of life's puzzle is emphasized. The Arab is represented as serving men by making their bodies more comfortable; the Greek, by stimulating their intellects with new ideas of beauty. Both labored for the work's sake, the Greek feeling meanwhile that self-consciousness is a curse, that it were better to have been a beast. For is it not the consciousness of joys apprehended and not realized, the certainty of death and its gruesome accompaniments, the result of reflective intellectuality? Eager philosophy, the learning of all the sages, the most beautiful conceptions of Greek minds, promise nothing beyond the instant of death. Behind that is darkness impenetrable. In this terrible perplexity Cleon could exclaim,—

"It is so horrible,
I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy,
To seek which, the joy hunger forces us:
That stung by straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make prized the life at large—
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
We burst there as the worm into the fly,
Who, while a worm, still wants his wings."

But no! Zeus had revealed no such state and he would have done so, were it possible. The slaves who preached of Paul and Christ taught such doctrine as no sane man could hold.

The Greek belief had gone a step in advance of the Arabic, even as the New Testament dispensation had advanced beyond the Old. To be worth living,—even when crowned with philosophy, poetry, beauty, and the love of friends,—life must have fruition throughout eternity. Only such a belief could take away the horror of death, could compensate for the joys just seen through the dull cloak of cramping flesh. Yet when tendered by Jewish slaves, the self-centred, self-satisfied philosopher could but

brush the doctrine aside with a contemptuous "pooh! madmen all."

Browning's conception is a poetic attempt to show the way the Christ story would appeal to two civilizations, the Arabian and the Grecian; to two natures, the scientific and the purely reflective; to two casts of mind, the practical and the theoretical or philosophical; to two temperaments, the emotional and the serenely cold. Karshish arrived at truth by analysis, Cleon by synthesis. In other words, one followed deductive philosophy, the other, inductive; one particularized, the other generalized. One worshipped utility, the other beauty. Service is the woof that binds the life of Karshish into a worthy whole; exquisite grace, form, and proportion run through the story of Cleon. One served by giving practical aid, the other by dreaming dreams and holding up beautiful ideals. Both felt their systems failures; Karshish because he lacked love, Cleon because earth shut him off from every alluring prospect opened up by noble life. To Karshish the problem of eternal life was not a mooted question; to Cleon what was unknown through reason must remain a blank,—his intellect had no room for faith.

Browning does not say all this specifically. He suggests much more, and he accomplishes his purpose chiefly by throwing into sudden relief two simple stories through graphic summaries of a momentous issue, an issue as big as life and universal in its appeal. Each summary is crowned by a single phrase that binds the reader into close sympathy with the chief actor and the issue he faces — Karshish doubtfully, Cleon in utter skepticism. Their difficulties arouse our sympathy; while wonder and doubt and pity come strongly into play that they see not with our opened eyes. We yearn to send our prudent counsel across the void of years, voicing the little that we know of the spiritual life, preaching to them our puny doctrines, and of those two gentle worthies —

"Make proselytes, as madmen thirst to do."

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AMERICAN POETIC THEORY

Every student of poetry believes, with Poe's *Israfel*, that environment profoundly influences poetic utterance. The effect of American life upon our elder poets has been abundantly demonstrated. And now one wonders whether it would not be possible to summarize some of the results of these conditions and detach something like a general theory of American poetry. That attempt is here made, by selecting and combining the fundamental views of a dozen comprehensive discussions of poetry by half a dozen American poets who were also critics,—namely, Bryant and Poe, Emerson and Whitman, Stedman and Professor Woodberry. The particulars strongly or generally insisted upon by the more individual of these writers have been first selected, and then recombined somewhat according to the order and the emphasis of the more comprehensive discussions. Whether or no the triple distillate that results is a fair presentation of America's contribution to poetic theory, the reader must decide.

The parenthood of literary criticism in America is assigned by Dr. William Morton Payne's *American Literary Criticism* to the poet Bryant, by virtue of a criticism in the *North American Review* for 1818. Even more important, however, although but seldom mentioned, are the four "Lectures on Poetry" delivered in 1825, shortly after the poet's arrival in New York, but remaining unprinted for sixty years, while many of their views were felt and expressed by others. They were finally printed in 1884, in the fifth volume of Parke Benjamin's *Life and Works of William Cullen Bryant*. Although suggestive memoranda rather than finished essays, their general and rather abstract thought, their logical order, and their use of detail merely for illustration, make them, early as they are, especially representative of Bryant's method. Their opinions are similarly characteristic of the poet's observation, appreciation, and emotion as they were restrained by his ethically serious conception

of life and letters, and were yet inspired by his devotion to his country and his belief in the freedom of the spirit.

The first essay, on "The Nature of Poetry," considers the ancient classification of poetry as an imitative art to be true in principle only; the content of poetry makes it rather a suggestive art, the interpretation of which depends upon the receiving mind. The very limitations of language stimulate the imagination,—the first essential of poetry,—effective according to its content, quality, and excitement. Emotion, the second and most fundamental essential, interacts with the imagination in suggesting symbols of expression, which are varied according to the richness of the imagination and correct according to the genuineness of the emotion. The third essential, the understanding, includes perception, the judgments of taste, and the reason's deduction of truth. Poetry is held to differ in content from ordinary prose in excluding the commonplace, the trivial, the fatiguing, and the distasteful. It differs from the eloquence of the orator solely in metrical expression, not at all in matter and in method,—an interesting comment, from one who was not only poet and critic, but also master of the spoken word.

The second lecture, on "The Value and Uses of Poetry," in outlining the effect on human welfare and happiness of the three essentials mentioned, is full of anticipations. Here is Poe's fundamental principle that the spirit of poetry is "an aspiration after superhuman beauty;" and Emerson's doctrine that poetry creates salutary mental habits, by withdrawing the attention from the selfish and the petty, by clearing and invigorating moral perception, and by inspiring and cherishing noble emotions, which stimulate to corresponding actions. Here, also, is Emerson's praise of poetry's coördination of the natural and the spiritual world, through seeing the divine in nature and reëmbodiment in nature-images of beauty, order, and power. Such expression of abstract generalizations in concrete particulars Bryant interestingly claims to be a constant test of the truth of the poetic message, just as a theory of science is tested by the application of every fact that it should explain. In conclusion, Bryant thus early sees in poetry the enemy of American materialism.

The third paper, on "Poetry in Its Relation to Our Age and Country," finds, like most of the later essays, only an apparent conflict between poetry and science. Bryant, like Lanier, considers science poetry's pioneer and aid; like Professor Woodberry, he thinks America particularly the spiritual heir of all lands and ages; and, like Stedman, he believes that our chief lack is not material for poetry, but transmuting genius.

The final lecture, on "Originality and Imitation," reads like an answer to Whitman, thirty years before his time. Originality, the value of which is obvious, may yet be pursued extravagantly and wrongly. Poetry is an art, slowly perfected, through series of experiments, the results of which are all-important. The greatest poets are not usually pioneers, but learners from their predecessors and contemporaries, of expression, rhythm, mechanism, methods of imagination and interest, content of beauty and order. The poet cannot escape contemporary tendencies, but must take his art as it is, and extend it as he may, basing his work on excellence already attained; careful to borrow only his method of approaching nature; not following individual poems, poets, or schools; but, from a study of their strength and weakness, creating a higher excellence, unblemished by their faults. On the whole, conscious endeavor for originality is better than imitation, for thus new values may be established; any new errors that may be thus acquired, will not long endure.

Of Poe's voluminous criticism, two essays adequately present his characteristic theory of literature as an art of expression governed by fixed æsthetic laws, and not as a means of instruction or moral education controlled by personal or contemporary preference. These essays are representative, also, of his individual critical method of temperamental observation, acute penetration, eager appreciation, and vigorous constructive power.

"The Poetic Principle," published in 1850, begins with a negative clearing of the ground, not infrequent with Poe. Its arguments are well known. Poetry being an elevating excitement of the soul, and all excitements being necessarily transient,

such a thing as a long poem cannot exist. Epics, therefore, lack true unity,—always Poe's vital requisite for both prose and verse,—they either combine a series of lyrics, or alternate excitement with depression. Extreme brevity, on the contrary, may be brilliant, but not enduring. The didactic, also, is unpoetic, the search for truth and the consciousness of duty being only incidentally connected, if at all, with the abandon of taste to beauty. On the positive side, to Poe the beautiful is the truest source of delight; its appreciation and repetition, and the struggle to apprehend ideal beauty are the only source of genuine poetic emotion. Such emotion is almost perfectly expressed in music. Next in adequacy is musical verse, "the rhythmical creation of beauty."

Since Poe, like Whitman, and many another poet-critic, bases his emphatic and final settlements of world-old poetic problems chiefly upon his own poetic product, it was, perhaps, inevitable that time should soon revenge his universal negative that "no very long poem will ever be popular again," by *Hiawatha*, *The Idylls of the King*, and *The Ring and The Book*, and should make his examples of unenduring brilliancy perhaps the best known stanzas of Shelley and Willis. But, notwithstanding all such detractions, there are few better summaries of the poetry of sensuous and emotional beauty than Poe's that poetry is an elevating excitement of the soul, brief, intense, and satisfying, caused by the record in musical verse of the appreciation of beauty and the endeavor to apprehend and create ideal loveliness.

The second essay, "The Philosophy of Composition" (1864), is Poe's well-known description, illustrated by *The Raven*, of the process by which a poem comes into being. Beginning by deciding upon an effect to be attained, choosing a prevailing tone, selecting incidents to embody it, calculating each item, trusting nothing to intuition or accident, the poet first determines the extent of his composition, chooses beauty for its effect, decides the tone of its highest manifestation to be melancholy, and considers this to be ideally embodied in a lover's emotion at the death of his beautiful sweetheart. On the side of construction, the poet first selects a refrain, brief, striking, sonorous, capable of variation. The word meeting these re-

quirements suggests the nature of the speaker and of his queries, and the poem is complete,—all but the writing. This is begun at the concluding stanza; continued with due care for harmony of mood, place, time, and incident, rhythm, alliteration, and onomatopœia; and is ended by adding concluding stanzas, that suggest a hidden meaning in the whole.

Whether this essay be a true statement of a genuine theory; or a perverse attempt to controvert the accepted idea that originality in poetry is a matter of intuition and impulse, rather than the result of deliberate intent; or whether it is an adroit elaboration of care and logic to disprove charges of erratic or stimulated inspiration; or possibly, merely an exploitation of the less obvious excellences of an increasingly popular poem;—no one can doubt the value of its penetrative suggestions, such as that circumscription of space is a great aid to concentration of attention, or that the whole essay is one of the best constructive sketches of what might well be the steps in the material evolution of a certain sort of verse.

Emerson's two systematic essays on poetry are characteristic both of the man and of his philosophy, in their primal intuitions and sweeping generalizations, their few large ideas illustrated by many details,—all loosely grouped rather than ordered, yet all presenting or connoting practical wisdom and spiritual insight, freedom from tradition, enthusiasm for truth, and the moral and social passion for doing good. Literature to Emerson is only incidental, and art is primarily a matter of life, which in its turn is primarily a matter of the mind and the spirit. To him the individual's subjective appreciation and judgment is a true criterion for poetry, more authoritative than either Bryant's weight of tradition or Poe's authority of reasoned rule.

To Emerson "The Poet," in the *Essays, Second Series* (1844), is the pioneer, exploring the spiritual meaning of material fact, as a representative complete individual, more of any man than that man himself,—plainly the source of Whitman's "representative composite individual." Imparting as well as receiving, he expresses truth and goodness in the form of beauty; announces the new, the necessary, and the causal; his message

being valuable as it is true to his experience and thought, and as these are representative and complete. Nature also provides the poet's language: every fact, even the mean, the base, and the obscene, hinting the whole; the large connotation purging away grossness; the poorest experience rich, when related through perception and insight to order and development; the meaner the type, the more pungent;—a series of suggestions the application of which Emerson endeavored in vain to restrain in his forward pupil, Whitman. All facts being merely symbols, and all symbols being merely incidental, thought only is stable. According to the measure of the poet's abandon to the nature of things, his vision approaches the fundamental and the universally intelligible. Poetry pleases its readers by a happy precision in naming, by showing unexpected relations, by presenting essences. The discovery and the recognition of truth, made possible through the poet, exhilarates by liberating from detail and stimulating to freedom. In conclusion, Emerson follows Bryant and anticipates Whitman in the belief that, as yet, no genius in America has properly used our incomparable native material.

Emerson's essays on "Poetry and Imagination" (1872), published in *Letters and Social Aims* (1876), profits in comprehensiveness and order from the fact that the selection and arrangement of its details were the work, not of Emerson himself, but of his editor, Mr. Cabot. It makes the generalizations of his earlier paper part of an even wider horizon. In perceiving matter, which is a primary necessity not to be superseded or neglected, the intellect accepts the processes and the products of sense-perception as true; but views matter and nature primarily as a record of force, law, and order; and finds a unity behind appearances of variety. The mind has a parallel, but independent and powerful, force and law; seeking order, affinity, identity, and unity in matter; finding a relation between the facts and laws of nature and those of mind; perceiving that their system proceeds from a unity behind both.

Thus it is that the poet assimilates nature, seeking its law, necessity, and life; in order to express its spirit. The content of poetry, therefore, must be salient, vital, and eminent; its

attitude that of knowledge and belief,—sincere, veracious, positive, affirmative, constructive; able to see the forces of contemporary life properly ordered; quickly perceiving relations, commanding the utterance of the moment, voicing insight concretely; thus informing, elevating, and inspiring to order and virtue. As a poet's life approaches unity with truth, through laws parallel to those of virtue, it spontaneously and easily utters itself in nature-symbols. His mind projects itself in new images, using the facts of nature as figures to express or to illustrate thought, happy symbols indicating that this thought is in agreement with nature,—an independent development of Bryant's idea. Such a process is a new work of nature: creating independent new reality, astonishing to the poet as to his readers; uniting freedom with precision and form with color, basing melody and rhythm on the fundamental beat of the pulse and the recurrence of the breath.

Thus the imagination, through the intellect, generalizes the facts collected by the senses and penetrates apparent nature to its laws and central unity, first seeing relations, and then the fundamental unity of nature and mind. Hence poetry may sometimes merely record the beauty of nature, sometimes show unity in diversity; at its highest it expresses the ideal in the apparent.

Of Whitman's poetic doctrines the most striking characteristic is that they seem to be drawn entirely from Emerson's. Only their selection, elaboration, and application are original. The first preface to *Leaves of Grass* (1855) declares that democracy's faith in freedom, in the common man, and in the beauty and goodness of the whole of life, requires a poetry fitting our present and future, as past poetry corresponded to social conditions now outworn.

"A Backward Glance o'er Traveled Roads" (1888) renews, thirty-three years later, the poet's approval of his early intention, although he would not have attempted so large a task, had he then known its full implication. He still believes in an individual expression, unmodified and unrestrained by influences outside of the poet's own nature; in articulating and recording

completely and candidly his own personality as a type of the average human life in the modern American environment, hitherto inadequately expressed. Previous poetry, although indispensable, is not consistent with or essentially applicable to the United States. Its basis is undemocratic, unscientific, antique; its social conditions and standards, now nowhere existent, never existed for America; and such poetry is no more authoritative for us than are the social conditions that it represents. Therefore, Whitman abandons historic matter, manner, and ornament, which have been already consummately employed, in order to select the modern human average, to vivify the facts of science and the truths of democracy,—the contemporary presuppositions of life, upon which literature and poetry should always rest. *Leaves of Grass* is, therefore, intelligible only through its social background, and is interesting chiefly for its point of view. Poetic expression is best when most suggestive: not definite, defined, rounded, or finished; but calling upon the reader to do his part. The display of comradeship, cheer, content, and hope, best contribute to develop the possession and habit of manliness and benevolence,—the best religion. Hence Whitman endeavors to conceive and express the ideal American individuality, which has not yet appeared, in order to help form a great nation by developing individuals, and to meet the need of a new democracy for a truly democratic song, great poetry being always national.

Less ordered than even Emerson's, with a few general ideas in many details, Whitman's contribution, like Poe's, is intense, individual, creative, rather than comprehensive and inclusive. Time may be said to have disproved already his theories of untraditional, incomplete expression; and one may prefer, with other poets, to consider the typical, composite American individual, as the rich spiritual heir of all the ages, rather than the powerful uneducated person seeking his own future. Yet Whitman's achievement in poetry must be acknowledged to have proved the truth and value of his method of approach to contemporary American life of the latter sort, even though neither his theory nor his practice went beyond a very full perception of the possibilities of that material, new, in the

main, to poetry. Its thorough assimilation and utterance yet delay.

Such a survey as the present would be incomplete without reference to the work of Stedman, the dean of our late school of poets, our most elaborate anthologist, and our most comprehensive although scarcely most original critic of modern poetry in English. His constructive volume on *The Nature and Elements of Poetry* (1886) cannot, however, be compactly summarized, for it is not only structurally elaborate and representative of a method both scientific and systematic, but also full of important detail and minutely sensitive and appreciative. Yet the concluding chapter, "The Faculty Divine," suggests in a way, the attitude of the whole, touching on the one hand that of Poe, and, on the other, that of Emerson. Poetic expression, the most direct message from the soul, arises, it holds, from a mysterious vital force, natural yet intense, earnest, impassioned, imaginative. Overflowing into relief through utterance, its exhibition instructs and enhances our spiritual experience,—that which is the only life. This complex of emotion, inspired by nature, love, friendship, beauty, religion, patriotism, joy, or grief, is sometimes calmed to feelings of earnestness, pathos, sympathy, sentiment, and cheer; again it rises to fervor, ardor, inspiration, ecstasy,—the greatest poetry coming at culminating epochs of national development. Originality is often its first determining mark, finding new life in the common, rather than creating the strange; obedient to intuition rather than to logic, to feeling rather than to thought; involuntary and spontaneous; a spiritual insight or vision, full of faith in the message, in the artist, and in his art.

The last essay, "A New Defence of Poetry," from Professor Woodberry's *Heart of Man* (1899), is the longest and most logically comprehensive of the studies, having, apparently, considered most and approved and combined many of these previous views. The life of the spirit, which is of prime importance and interest, is principally recorded in the literature of idealism, through its universal method of analysis, classification, and con-

densation of experience and experiment into general truth and law. As science knows objective nature as a system, so literature knows and presents the life of man. The two differ only in the mode of presentation, science ending with the general, literature reëmbodiment the general in particulars. Character is thus generalized into types: rising from the physical to the spiritual; seeking the fundamental, the essential, the universal; not bare ideas of species, but intense, rich examples; not fragmentary, but suggesting completeness by induction, the method of most of our knowledge. These types have great human appeal. Action is similarly generalized into plot, externalizing the phenomena of character, the processes of nature and men, the unity of law and of the soul; showing man as superior to, subordinate to, or conflicting with his environment, external events expressing the soul. The concrete in type and plot, thus sensibly embodying the abstract for easier apprehension and retention, does not transform truth, but embodies the universal in particulars and expresses the real by the tangible, more even than the poet knows. Order in nature is obvious; in the spirit, it is a postulate, the order and law of the senses, emotion, and reason, having been presumed before science could exist. Knowledge of and harmony with this order are of the highest importance. Beauty as well as truth has its source in the perceptible unity and harmony of creation extended to the subjective world: moving emotion, desire, and will; giving standards of emotional values; cultivating right emotional habits by exercise through sympathy or revolt; preparing for proper action on demand. Concrete representation is, of course, an inadequate approximation to mental vision, since expression must be through the personal equation of apprehension and experience, carrying the spirit best through nature symbols. Since the spiritual and universal are primal, literature is valuable as it transcends the actual and the narrow. Idealism as a universal mode of thinking, forecasting the future hope, prophecy, and foreknowledge of order, is an aid to the attainment of the universal. Realism is useful in recording still uncoordinated knowledge and detail. Although the content of ideals varies with the period, as do such forms of expression as the classic, or

complete, and the romantic, or incomplete; limitations fall away and permanent values live in the process of evolution. The universal in the concrete may also be expressed by the spirit's incorporation of its visions in actual living, informed, delighted, and invigorated by ideal literature.

Professor Woodberry's essay not only illustrates that emphasis on the ideal life of the spirit which is characteristic of his poetry and criticism, but it also suggests, through his selection and recombination of time-tested judgments, how much might be added to such a study as the present by tracing the philosophical and literary history and value of the opinions summarized. The illumination of the poetic product of these critics and of the many American poems concerning poetry; the valuable separate comments of such poet-critics as Longfellow, Lowell, and Lanier; and the observations on poetry by American critics who were not themselves instruments of poetic creation,—all these sources, also, would yield richly.

Yet the search for some conclusion solely from the material presented yields much. These creators, some of great, all of worthy poetry, show decided agreement as well as conviction and lucidity in telling, to use Emerson's phrase, how it was with them; and a synthesis of their several separate views results in something like a general theory. Thus:

The poet is one who is peculiarly able, through natural gifts and the study of the methods of past and contemporary poetry, to observe, appreciate, and understand both the objective life of nature and of man, and the subjective life of his own spirit, either as individual, or as typical of social, national, or universally human traits.

The poet is also peculiarly urged, by an inexplainable inner impulse, not only thus fully to receive, but also freely and fully to utter what he sees, feels, knows, and believes because of his finer senses, subtler feeling, truer judgment, and clearer imaginative vision. This content is expressed in language, rhythm, and metre: the result of the will consciously stimulating execution according to the established rules of art; or the result of emotion, like that of the orator, combining perception and

thought into the spontaneous, imaginative creation of new concrete images, valuable in themselves or as suggesting the exquisitely beautiful, or ideal truths of matter, law, and force.

This expression of the beautiful or the exquisite, this suggestion of the true, or the prophetic, delights the reader, according to his natural or acquired sensitiveness and taste, through his enjoyment of the excellence or beauty of its form or its happy combination of form and substance; his response to the stimulus of its rare or intense emotion; his illumination through the perception of its truth; or his inspiration through an apprehension of its vision. The effect of poetry is thus a matter both of art and of life: its form delighting, as it approaches possible perfection,—the enemy of the commonplace and the narrow—its substance, as it approaches ideal richness and truth, cultivating the emotions, informing and developing the intellect, training and stimulating the will,—the enemy of materialism.

Poetry thus combines the characteristics of an art developed toward perfection through accumulated judgments concerning previous products of convincing excellence; an expression of personality, valuable according to its intensity and genuineness, its original or representative character; a science of subjective knowledge, including the results and paralleling the methods of natural science; a philosophy of truth; and a rule of faith and practice.

The production of such poetry depends but secondarily upon material or upon the will; primarily upon a scarcely definable inner vitality spontaneously rising, from personal, social, national, racial or other stimuli, into emotion, which finds relief in overflowing into creative imagination and artistic utterance.

If such a summary justly represents its sources, it indicates the existence and the nature of a characteristic American attitude toward the form and substance of poetry,—an American poetic theory.

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FORESTRY PROBLEMS IN THE UNITED STATES

The United States is comparatively a young nation. The people of America, like many of their young men, have inherited vast wealth. One of the great social problems before us is how to deal with the vast fortunes so frequently left by the wealthy men of this country to their sons. The reason for the problem lies in the fact that these sons, never having learned the real value of money, are prone to squander their inheritances. One of the schemes adopted by wealthy testators to prevent this is to leave the estates in trust, the heirs to receive, not the principal but only the income to be derived from the investment of the principal. What has been done in the case of the individual seems about to be done in the case of the nation. The advocates of what has been designated as the "conservation movement" argue that our natural resources should be held in trust by the government for the use of the people. This movement, which seems to recognize the paternal function of the government, marks a new step in social development.

Until late in the nineteenth century, the resources of the United States were regarded as practically illimitable. Indeed, the forests were considered even as obstacles in the path of progress. It has been under the prevalence of these ideas that our customs and laws as to the use of the forests have developed; which accounts, in large measure, for the difficulty experienced in passing or enforcing regulations seeking to correct the wasteful habits of our people in the use of the forests. Forestry experts have been constantly engaged for more than a quarter of a century in an endeavor to change the habits of the American people from forest devastation to forest preservation, but the progress has been slow and accompanied by a great deal of tribulation. It is easy to see, however, that bad economic habits are as hard to correct as bad moral habits. The spendthrift is as hopeless as the morally dissolute. Neither is likely to make any serious attempt to reform until he begins to feel the consequences of his folly brought home to him. Mere ex-

hortation and entreaty may elicit promises, but the most effective cure for extravagance will always be poverty. The pity is that the injury is so often irreparable. The true conservationist wants our spendthrift nation to correct its foolish ways before all its inheritance is exhausted and while there is enough still left to ensure a comfortable living from the income.

So it happened that the question of conservation has been brought to a crisis by the rapid destruction of the forests and the consequent waning of the supply of merchantable lumber. We have been told by lecturers and writers of the fate which has befallen other nations that have wasted their national resources; we have heard how in the warm countries of Southern Europe the people suffer more with cold than in America with its more rigorous climate, because fuel is scarcer there; we have learned, through the newspapers and the frequent calls for contributions by the Red Cross and other benevolent societies, how in India and China famine every now and then sweeps over the land and visits its scourge upon the people because the soil is worn out or has been washed away by floods, and food is scarce in consequence. But India, China, or even Italy, are far away, and to a large extent the force of the lesson is dissipated. We have gone on wasting wood and robbing the soil of its fertility as unconcernedly as before.

Two reasons, perhaps, have existed which have prevented mere appeal from influencing our national habits toward greater frugality. The first is that we have so much that it seems foolish to talk about the possibility of the exhaustion of our resources. The second is that the issue has been clouded by a misdirected appeal to "save the trees" instead of the saner idea of "use the trees, but use them wisely." The idea that trees are to be looked at only, and not to be used, is too much for the commercial Yankee. He sees in the forest a source of profit to be exploited and vast quantities of material fit for practical use. He wants to use it and to profit therefrom, and he is right in wanting to do so. The forests are given us to use. The only thing we need to correct is our manner of using them.

Now let us see whether there is any ground for the oft-repeated assertion that the supply of timber is in imminent danger

of exhaustion unless we devise some plans of using it more carefully. The original forests of the United States were unequaled anywhere in the world in extent and value. They covered approximately a billion acres. Not only were they remarkable for their extent, but the trees which composed them were of types that produce lumber better suited for commercial purposes than those of any other forests in the world. As a consequence, not only have we used lumber freely and lavishly for our own needs, but we have exported large quantities each year to supply other nations. Now, after a century and a half, there remains of the original forests about sixty-five per cent only, and the demand for lumber is steadily increasing in spite of the substitutions of other materials, such as iron and cement, for many purposes for which lumber was formerly used. We are to-day taking material from the forest over three times as fast as it is being reproduced by growth. Some of the areas formerly the centres of great lumbering activities have already been practically depleted of their stock of merchantable timber and the lumbermen have been forced to seek other fields of operation. This is notably true of the regions about the Great Lakes. In 1880, Michigan produced twenty-three per cent of all the lumber used in the United States, but in 1907 she produced only four and one-half per cent. The great lumbering centres have shifted to the far northwest and to the pineries of the Southern States. White pine used to be the chief commercial timber of the country, but with the exhaustion of the better forests of the Lake States, other woods, even some formerly thought worthless, are being put upon the market instead. A Western lumberman told me recently that he did not think he had a stick of genuine white pine in his yard.

This rapid consumption of our forests is due to two causes: use and waste. Use of the forests is legitimate and necessary. Waste is, to a large degree, illegitimate and unnecessary. The great problem of the forester is to direct the use of the forests so that the future supply will not be curtailed, and at the same time to prevent unnecessary waste. A large percentage of the resources of the forest are never utilized in any manner. The waste begins before the trees are even cut and con-

tinues through all the operations of logging, milling, and construction until finally the timber, as it is put in the place where it is intended to remain in permanent use, is lost through decay or other cause.

In the forest, probably the greatest loss is due to the fires which consume millions of feet of standing timber annually. The last report of the Forester shows a loss during the year 1909 in the National Forests alone of one hundred and sixty-nine million board feet. The actual consumption of timber is not the only damage forest fires do, for they check the potential value of the forest by killing the growing trees and injure the soil by eating out the vegetable mould which enriches the forest floor. Then, too, the burned areas are restocked naturally by inferior species first. The fire problem is one which early confronts the forester. Fires cannot, perhaps, be entirely prevented, but they can be checked, and if proper methods are adopted they can be rendered less destructive. The forest fire problem will be largely solved when every lumberman is required to clean up and burn his slashings in the proper manner, when locomotives and lumber mills are equipped with spark-arresters, when campers are required to extinguish fires before leaving them. Then, too, permanent fire-breaks must be constructed and an effective patrol system established, such as the Forest Service is trying to establish through its rangers on the National Forests. But the force must be adequate, which is not the case on the National Forests at present.

Another natural cause of loss in the forest is due to the fact that many trees in the forest become overmature and subject to attack by insects or decay before they are utilized by man. It is estimated that in the Rocky Mountains over two hundred million acres include mature forests in which the loss by decay fully balances the increase due to new growth. Such forests are further damaged by insects, such as bark borers and beetles of various sorts. The forester recognizes not only the necessity of utilizing the mature timber in the forest and leaving the young trees to grow, but he also seeks methods of preventing insect attacks. Of these methods, a novel and effective one is found in the pro-

tection of birds, such as some species of woodpeckers, which feed upon these insects.

The most startling waste of wood occurs, however, not through natural causes such as these, but through man's failure to utilize completely that which he takes from the forest. It is estimated that, as compared with the standing timber, less than three-eighths of it goes into the manufactured product. Of course, some of this is "loss" rather than "waste," but much of what is now loss could be prevented if the newer and improved methods of working were introduced. It is one of the problems of the forester to devise new schemes to prevent this loss and to urge their adoption by the lumber trade.

The ordinary lumberman looks upon his holdings of timbered land as a speculation. His aim in working the property is to realize as great a profit on it as quickly as possible. He therefore cuts only the best trees and those most readily gotten out. If the log is injured in felling, or contains defects which make it unfit except for an inferior grade of lumber, he is likely to leave it in the forest to rot on the ground. The stump he cuts high, so as to lessen the labor and make sure that the log is regular in shape. He takes from the log only that part that is free from knots; hence not only is the limby top frequently left to rot, but it also, when dry, adds to the inflammability of the forest, thus increasing the danger from fire. Few lumbermen care anything about the future of the forest from which they cut their timber, hence no care is taken to protect the young trees from injury when felling the mature ones, and the idea of leaving a few of the mature trees of the desirable species as seed trees to ensure proper reproduction of the cut-over lands seldom occurs to the tree-cutters. All these new-fangled ideas—the conception of the forest property as a long-time investment rather than a short-time speculation—are the introductions of the forester. They promise much for the future of the lumber industry, in spite of the fact that at the present time such methods are practised on only about one per cent of the forest lands in the hands of private owners. The Forest Service is observing these principles, however, on the National Forests, and gradually the big lumber companies are beginning to see

the necessity of conserving the resources of their holdings if they are to continue to prosper.

But another set of problems present themselves even after the log is out of the forest and started on its way to the mill. If the transportation is effected by water, as is frequently the case, many logs become water-soaked and, sinking, are thus lost. If they reach the mill safely, much of the wood they contain is lost in the milling. For example, the beams or boards must be cut to certain dimensions, and the bark and slabs from the sides of the log go to the refuse pile to be used, if at all, only for firewood. Then each cut of the saw tears out a kerf considerably wider than the thickness of the saw blade. Many of the more modern mills have now installed the thinner-bladed band saws instead of the circular saws, which must necessarily have thick, strong blades, but even with the band saw a great deal of sawdust is produced. Another source of loss is in the fact that the arbitrary requirements of the lumber trade dictate certain standard lengths, in which lengths only the boards will be handled. Did you ever go to the lumber yard for a piece of timber 11 feet long? Or 13 feet long? You would have to buy a 12-foot or a 16-foot board and saw it down to the length desired. The short piece which you cut off was wasted. Thus the lumberman must cut down his logs to conform to these standard lengths, and the end pieces are wasted. A movement has recently been inaugurated among the lumber dealers of the Western Coast to encourage the utilization of odd lengths of lumber.

Altogether, it is estimated that, while passing through the mill, the loss in wood amounts to nearly fifty per cent. This can be offset to a degree by the proper utilization of the refuse in the manufacture of by-products. The government has recently equipped at Madison, Wisconsin, a Forest Products laboratory, a part of the work of which will be to develop methods of utilization of these waste bits of the log. For example, experiments are being made constantly in the utilization of sawdust and slabs for the manufacture of wood pulp for paper production. Much of this waste wood is also being distilled, and thus turpentine and wood alcohol and other fluids valuable in com-

merce, otherwise a complete loss, are obtained without the necessity of cutting new trees.

Improved methods are also being devised to eliminate waste in other forms of wood utilization. In the so-called "sulphite" method of wood pulp manufacture much of the sulphur used is lost. There is no way yet discovered to save it, though doubtless some plan will ultimately be found. Likewise, in the burning of charcoal, valuable gases, containing materials such as creosote and wood alcohol, are permitted to escape. These will some day be reduced and saved.

Another thing which promises much for the preservation of the forests is the recent development of methods of wood preservation by chemical treatment. If such treatment were given to all the timber used, it would probably effect a saving annually of about seven billion feet of lumber, or reduce the consumption yearly by about twelve per cent. Not only will preservative treatment prolong the life of a timber in use, but it renders possible the use of inferior species where formerly only the best, most durable kinds of lumber could be used. For example, the railroads are able to use treated loblolly pine cross-ties where oak was once required. This problem of preservation of timbers is also one the forester seeks to solve, and much success has attended the efforts of the scientists along these lines.

Besides these problems of how to use the forest and its products properly, there is another which the forester must work out; and that is, how to make the non-agricultural lands of the United States productive. This problem falls largely to the forester because trees are a crop that can be produced with profit on land unsuited for farming. Consequently, on the rocky slopes of our mountains and on other areas where only trees will grow, reforestation must ultimately solve the problem of how to make them productive. As yet, not much can be done along this line except by the National Government in an experimental way, and its endeavors in this direction have not been extensive. Private owners, except in woodlots, have scarcely begun to plant trees. Tree planting as a commercial enterprise has hardly been a profitable undertaking, but as a sign of the times it may be noted that some mining companies

have established plantations for the production of mine timbers, while some of the railroads have followed a similar plan to ensure a supply of cross-tie material.

All things considered, the forestry problems in the United States might be summed up as the problem of ensuring an adequate timber supply for future use. Wood will always be a necessity; and the present generation owes it to future generations to see that the supply of this necessity is not curtailed. The United States must, as to its future supply, rely on its own production. The tropical countries contain vast forests, but the woods are chiefly the hardest of hardwoods, unsuited to commercial uses. At present, the only nations besides the United States that export lumber are Russia, Austria-Hungary, Sweden, and Norway. In view of this, it will readily be seen why the movement for national control of a reserve area of our forests has been necessary. A government has providential functions as well as current ones, and in the management of its forests the government needs to be even more paternal than a private citizen would be in regard to his own affairs, for the reason that the destruction of the forests is felt more by the community than by the individual who works the injury. The private citizen may use his private property as he pleases, in general, but where his use of it conflicts with the general good, his rights are tempered by his obligation not to use his property so as to injure others. Governments are instituted to enforce the obligations of citizens. Then, too, the long time required to develop a forest deters private individuals from either forest production or forest protection in so far as it means conservative lumbering. It requires a large degree of civic morality to make a lumberman put the good of others ahead of his individual rights as a property holder. Consequently, the leadership in matters of forest conservation—in fact, the solution of the forestry problems which confront our people—lies largely with the National Government.

EDWIN R. JACKSON.

U. S. Forest Service.

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE PAST

The most impressive result of foreign travel is the discovery that the people of this earth do not think alike, and consequently do not live alike. It may be merely that the man you pass on the street steps to the left rather than to the right; that the Sabbath is a day of recreation rather than a day of worship, or that there is no Sabbath at all; that you and everyone are constantly under the observation of an officious government, or that that government is in no wise aware of your presence; that merchandise is displayed in the street, or is not displayed at all. Thus the subject-matter of books of travel is largely the comparison of differences in accordance with the particular point of view of the observer. In history the situation is quite the same. A cross-section of human life at any point of time shows different points of view among different social groups at the moment assumed, and different ideas, or points of view, of people then as compared with people now. In other words, brought into any social environment separated from our own by time or by space, we have to reckon with different ideas, habits, preconceptions, prejudices, standards of judgment, institutions. What is more,—when we seek to explain why human events have followed one course rather than another, we have at once to determine what are the ideas, habits, standards of judgment, and institutions of the people whose history is studied. It may be necessary to go further and explain why people have thought so and so; but we shall not consider that now.

Prejudice, belief, impression, public opinion, institution, tradition,—these are terms of great significance in the study of history. John Hus would not have died at Constance if his point of view in some particulars had not differed from that of the Roman hierarchy. That this difference should have existed implies no censure on either side, but it gives a degree of inevitability to the conduct of men and the course of history that has to be appreciated when we are seeking for historical causation. Nothing could have been more unaccountable than that the American Revolution should have developed events similar

to the events of the French Revolution. The development of history in America between 1775 and 1789, and in France between 1789 and 1815, is quite characteristic respectively of the French and the American people at the time. The Americans began their contest with England with certain pre-conceptions about natural and equal rights quite similar to those of the *Social Contract*; but with these went other pre-conceptions quite different from those held by Frenchmen. Thus in English America the idea of local self-control was long established and prevented anarchy when the central authority collapsed. The Americans were careless of military glory; hence thousands followed Washington, where hundreds of thousands followed Napoleon. The Americans calculated their economic self-interest, so that very many of them would not cast all their earthly goods before the altar of liberty and of national glory. In the history of Greece, the failure of the city states to coalesce must be studied from the standpoint of the Greek race. Whether Greek particularism was due to geographical conditions, to the influence of the tradition of clanship, or to something else,—the fact is that the Greek mind was wholly different from, say, the modern French mind, so that we have, on the one hand, French centralization and, on the other, Greek separatism. We approach the supremacy of the mediæval church in the same way. Prepared by Roman tradition, Europeans seem quite naturally to have submitted to the rule of the successors of the Cæsars. In the present United States, the existing situation should be considered from the standpoint of intellectual confusion,—itself the product of the extraordinary history of the American people. These are but miscellaneous examples of the application of an obvious principle to be applied in historical study and exposition.

It is a fact, then, that not only events, but also the ideas and instincts of a people, may properly engage the attention of historians. The present status of historical theory seems to require that historians write not merely narrative history, but also philosophical history,—that is, history which takes account of the *why* and the *whither* of the occurrences with which they deal. Such a theory of history cannot very well ignore the

opinions, habits, prejudices, intuitions of individuals, especially of groups of individuals whose opinions, habits, prejudices, intuitions are similar as a result of contact through contiguity, common language, and common religious belief; and the importance of this consideration increases as the historical significance of a group of people increases. What is here meant, then, by "getting in touch with the past," is an effort to put before us that mental attitude of the people of the past which helps to explain their history. Can one form ideas after the pattern of a Roman in the time of Augustus, of a Greek in the time of Pericles, of a German after Tilsit, of an American frontiersman? More particularly, can one think as a Massachusetts man in 1860, or as a South Carolina man at the same period? If one is to be a trustworthy historian—presenting a true account of what has happened and why it happened—it is necessary that he should in a measure thus transmute his personality into the personality of a thinking man of the time and place with which he deals. If it were possible thus for anyone so to enlarge his mental horizon as to comprehend both in idea and emotion the mentality of another far removed in time and space, much mutual distrust and recrimination would have been spared the people of this world; but this is the pity of it, that for even the average man it is quite impossible. If an intelligent Englishman knows so little of the external events of American history as to inquire seriously whether Mr. Lincoln was the son of a negro, or expressed doubt as to the identity of Mr. Charles W. Eliot with the late president of Harvard, how much less will he be competent to judge the peculiar temper of the American people, or of a group of them? Could a European fully cognizant of the immense sacrifices for the sake of opposing principles undergone by the American people in the Civil War, assert that Americans are devoid of idealism?

Obviously, the best place in which to study past opinions and prejudices, preconceptions and institutions, is the extant utterances of those who express the ideas of a group of people like-minded with themselves. Thus we can hardly understand the events of the French Revolution without ascertaining the political and social ideas of Frenchmen of the period; and the

genesis of these ideas (as Mr. Morley has assured us in his work on Rousseau) may be found quite largely in the *Social Contract*. In a measure we find similar ideas operative in the American Revolution and after: "All men are by nature equally free and independent," runs the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776; "and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity; namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety." This section, ante-dating a similar paragraph in the Declaration of Independence, expresses a point of view characteristic of the revolutionary period and of considerable consequence in the history of the United States.

In seeking past ideas in the utterances of the people of the past, great discrimination is demanded. Demosthenes did not always speak the thought of Hellas; Burke did not utter the maxims which guided the dominant party of his countrymen. Yet unconsciously *and so inevitably*, many a statement in historical documents reveals past ideas. What is given out as a fact may indeed be a fiction, yet it reveals much truth. One of the oldest Babylonian inscriptions runs thus:

"To the god Bel, the lord of lands, En-shag-kush-an-na, the lord [?] of Kengi, king of . . . the spoil of Kish, the wicked of heart, presented."

What do we learn from this writing? Obviously, we have certain statements of fact which may or may not be true. In addition to this, the writer of the inscription inadvertently gives us information upon which we can rely. Assuming that archæology and assyriology have done their work well in determining the antiquity and meaning of the inscription, we may infer that, at a very early date—perhaps two thousand years before the time of Homer—there dwelt in the country north of the Persian Gulf a people who had a well-developed system of writing, whose racial affinity is indicated by this writing; that they possessed a deity to whom offerings were made, implying perhaps a ceremonial and a priesthood; that a political organi-

zation had begun,—for the king is king, not of a city, but of a country; and that empire building was still in progress. There is also revealed the king's opinion of the Kishites, the "wicked of heart," which cannot be taken as conclusive for their character.

We have a similar unconscious revelation of a significant point of view in this exclamation of Danton: "Pour les vaincre, il nous faut de l'audace; encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace; et la France est sauvée." This interests us not for its essential truthfulness, but for the insight which it gives us into French character, helping thus to explain French history. The English diarist, John Evelyn, unmistakably declares his attitude and the attitude of his class toward Oliver Cromwell, in this brief entry in his journal, dated September 3, 1658: "Died that arch rebell Oliver Cromwell, cal'd protector."

Just as clearly we have the point of view of Pliny the younger, and presumably of Roman officialdom, concerning the new and strange sect of the Christians. Pliny remarks: "Having never been present at any trials concerning those which profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their *crimes*, or the measure of their punishment." When Trajan in reply advises against the receipt of anonymous information against the Christians, as being a dangerous precedent and "foreign to the spirit of our age," we discover with some surprise that the Romans,—at least a high-minded Roman like Trajan,—thought, like ourselves, that they were living in an era of special enlightenment.

We must assume that writers, orators, musicians, painters, sculptors—all who express their conceptions, in this very expression unconsciously give us a clue to their own point of view and standards of judgment; and, if these are representative men, they are likely to reveal the point of view of an entire class of persons; and it is in accordance with some point of view and standard of judgment that the conduct of social groups is directed.

We learn also to understand the past by references to the essentially trivial and commonplace contained in the documents. Even a junk-pile can instruct us, and casual allusions to the

little things found in letters, diaries, note-books, legal papers, and the like, may often bring us face to face with a significant phase of past life. This is the source of our delight in Pepys and Sewall, and in the correspondence of Fanny Burney, J. R. Lowell, Sidney Lanier, and many another. Indeed, we should expect it to be so. The trivialities of life are apt to conform to the customary. Even in a time of revolution and catastrophe, customary tendencies of thought and action manifest themselves; and at all times human inertia tends to lead thought and conduct in the institutional paths. In mapping these institutional paths, these bits of information are most valuable. Formal history ignores the commonplace and trivial: it deals with the large things, which we are apt not fully to comprehend, since they transcend our experience of life. But give us a glimpse behind the curtain, and a flood of appreciation encompasses us. Do we see Charles II return to England anywhere as well as in Pepys? His chat and chatter about the long-wandered Stuart is intimate and revealing. The court gossip about those scandals to which the royal master of the revels was a party, the discussion about the latest Act of Uniformity, the oft-repeated notices of dull sermons,—the multitudinous nothings that found their way into the daily record kept by Charles's Secretary to the Admiralty,—all these are not great history, but they help to put us in a correct attitude toward this important phase of English history. The effect is the same if we view the burial of Cromwell or the bishop petitioners of James II, in the pages of John Evelyn, Esq.; where we look upon the person of William III, who is of a "thoughtful countenance," "wonderful serious and silent and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs, Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care." We seem a little closer to the sufferings and trials of Valley Forge when Washington writes to the President of Congress:

"The soap, vinegar, and other articles allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the Battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for; few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general,

and as a further proof of the inability of an army under the circumstances of this, to perform the common duties of soldiers, (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers houses on the same account), we have, by a field return this day made, no less than two thousand eight-hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked."¹

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the historian must work in the original sources of information, not merely to obtain the facts, but also to become imbued with the spirit of the person and his epoch. There are subtle suggestions, like that from any personality, presented by the very language of the document, by any work of art, or other remains, which cannot be conveyed in translation or reproduction.

When we seek to determine the cause of an historical event or a sequence of events, we have to consider factors even more fundamental than ideas and points of view. Surely, it is not obvious why protestantism became dominant in Teutonic Europe, while it made very little impression on Romance Europe. Even a study of the ruling thought of Protestant and Catholic Europeans would hardly satisfy our inquiry. Ethnic groups, like individuals, possess characteristic temperamental traits. Thus we speak of vivacious Frenchmen, matter-of-fact Englishmen, energetic Americans, and the æsthetic Greeks. These emotional qualities of groups of people have significance in an investigation of historical causes. Intensified French vivacity produced the mobs of Paris and the scenes of the Place de la Révolution. English "matter-of-factness" produced the characteristic development of the British constitution. American energy has produced the present United States. The æsthetic mood of Ionian Greece made possible the parthenon and the Platonic Dialogues. This is obvious truth. If the American had the temperament of the Persian, the present United States would not exist. If anything should develop an emotional or temperamental change in a group of people, the course of their history probably would have a corresponding deflection. De-

¹ *Washington's Writings* (Sparks Ed., 1858), Vol. V, p. 198f.

bilitation from malaria, it has been suggested, wrought a fundamental change of this character in the life of the Greek race. Developed Japan is the consequent of a temperamental change in the Japanese people. The recent anomalies of Russian history have been properly attributed to anomalous characteristics of the Russian people. The progressive "institutionizing" of American life is certain greatly to modify the social life of this people.

The purpose of these remarks is to call attention to another class of historical documents which, in this view, may become available in historical study. I refer to works of art. Like religion and ethics, art has its roots in the fundamental temper of human nature, and when studied with appreciation, helps to an understanding of what that temper really is. It is quite inconceivable that an American should have produced the *Faun* of Praxiteles or the *Sonata Appassionata*, not because he would not *know* enough to do it, but because he does not *feel* that way; and if Praxiteles and Beethoven typify the emotional tendencies of the Greek or the German people, their artistic productions may give insight into national character and help in a proper sense to explain national history. It is not intended to say that Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic Symphony* explains the history of Russia in the last century; but the pessimism of the final movement at the end (as Mr. Lee has described it) "with low, unhappy notes, cellos and bassoons with divided double basses, utter final, almost inaudible sounds," it is not difficult to associate with an influential aspect of Russian character.² In art we have the undisguised expression of fundamental traits, and this is not an isolated phenomenon but the product of the whole ethical and social situation. Who steepes himself in the æsthetic products of a people, is admitted to the very inner sanctuary of their common life. If one listens to the *Sonata*, opus number 106, of Beethoven, he must feel the depth of the religious sentiment of the German people, expressed in lovely and impressive movement *Adagio sostenuto*, or the virile strength of that people

² E. Markham Lee, *Tchaikovsky (The Music of the Masters)*, New York, 1904, p. 31.

in the bold beginning of the same work. We must take both aspects of German national character into consideration when we seek insight into the past and present of the German race. We find thus in music an unconscious witness to the history of a people; and it must be so in all the forms of art. Is Shakespeare or Dickens less typically English than Beethoven or Goethe are typically German? We must include their works—and the works of all who have expressed national sentiments—in the available sources of historical investigation. They reveal those inner springs of national life which determine that a people's history shall be so and so and not otherwise. One may hold that we get in touch with the past as surely through a polonaise of Chopin, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or a mediæval ballad, as through court-rolls and the Journals of Parliament. Where shall we find the Treasure House of a by-gone community of men,—their Holy of Holies where are cherished these things for which they live and die? Where has the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman laid by his heart's treasure? Where has the mediæval man, the Renaissance man, the formalistic man, the romanticist man put the imperishable stamp of his dearest thought? By what does the American, the German, the Japanese live to-day? The source of the answer is patent. Read the Psalms and the Prophets; examine the Praxitilean "Hermes" at Olympia; study a map of the *Via Romanæ*; ponder on Rheims Cathedral *en masse* and in detail, nor fail to stand in its nave; read Pope's translation of the Iliad and Godwin's "Political Justice;" look at the American sky-scraper along with the ugly incongruities of most business streets. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

It may seem a fanciful supposition, but it is quite reasonable to suggest that, if the United States should develop an artistic productivity comparable to that of Periclean Athens, the whole course of our national life would be different from that which it is likely to be under the principles which rule here. Such a condition of æsthetic creativeness involves—social science will assure us—so entire a change in general appreciation, interest, and function as to revolutionize national life. The reference to the future merely elucidates a principle in this discussion appli-

cable to the past,—that is to say, to obtain insight into the course of history, it is well to attend to the æsthetic, as well as the intellectual, aspect of human nature.

It has been said that the poets are the best historians. This can only mean that the poets express with extraordinary insight the most inward sentiments of their fellows. Thus the Elizabethan lyrists give us the basic temper of contemporary English life. "Chevy Chase" reproduces the spirit of the border; "Sheridan's Ride" gives not the facts of history as found in the *Rebellion Records*, but the temper of a militant people.

In the same sense we get close to the past by an historical study of ethics. The absence of a sense of sin among the Greeks and its presence among the settlers of New England has a bearing on the history of both people. It explains what we deem a prevalent immorality in Greek life, together with a general innocence and lightness in relation to the natural world; while its presence in the New England consciousness gave the life of that people a certain harshness and rigor wholly foreign to the ancient Hellenes. Luther would have been surprised if he could have known that his denunciation of the rebellious peasants of Germany would interest us chiefly for the unwitting testimony to an ethical point of view: "Therefore, whosoever can, should smite, strangle, and stab, secretly or publicly, and should remember that there is nothing more poisonous, pernicious and develish than a rebellious man."³

Indeed, it seems that some historical epochs can be comprehended only through a careful study of the general ethical situation. It is thus apparently with the German Reformation and the American Civil War. The course of history is different when men insist on rights and when they insist on duties. In the one case we have feudalism; in the other case, political and industrial *laissez faire*, with all that this difference implies.

If it is necessary that the historian be a penetrating student of ethical evolution, it is also requisite that he be a sympathetic student of the history of religion. If the efforts of men to

³Reprinted in Robinson, *Readings in European History*, Boston, etc., 1906, Vol. II, p. 107.

realize the ideal beauty and the ideal good have greatly influenced their conduct, a greater influence has flowed from their efforts to relate themselves to what they have conceived to be supernatural power. This consideration falls within the scope of religion, but it is of great significance in history, which deals with the full range of human experience. How different would have been the history of this world, if man had never conceived of the existence of divine power? To speak only of familiar matters,—there would have been no Papacy, no Crusades, no Puritan migration to New England. There might have been something like these, but in any case the efficient motive would have been different. Even where a difference exists, seeming trivial to the on-looker, it may actually involve life or death to many people and may influence definitely the history of an epoch. It is thus with the attitude of men toward the Eucharist.

To ascertain what religion has meant to people at different times and places requires a study of the history of culture. The state of culture determines men's ideas about supernatural power. To see how this is, we might compare the religious conceptions of the American Indians with those of the Greeks in a study of the mythology of each people. Thus compare the Tusayan "Snake ceremonies," as described by Mr. J. W. Fewkes, and the Anthesteria of Athens.⁴ Typically Indian is the one; typically Greek is the other; yet both are interpreted as possessing a religious significance in respect to the relation of supernatural power to the productivity of nature. Led by the social situation in which they are placed, to accept a certain assumption regarding the nature of the universe and the controlling forces, men direct their conduct rationally according to such an assumption. It is the incompatibility of such religious assumptions that makes conflicts in history and breeds intolerance, persecution, and revolt. It is not the function of the historian to turn metaphysician and determine the correctness of

⁴See *Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1900: part II: Dickinson, *The Greek View of Life*, New York, 1906, p. 12f.

any such assumption; but it is his function to determine what these assumptions really are, to interpret them, and to apply them in settling the cause of an historical sequence of events.

A historian's power of appreciation and sympathy is tested especially in the case of superstition. The controlling force of superstition in an unscientific age can hardly be understood to-day. Can we think what necromancy, alchemy, sorcery, divination, magic, witchcraft, and astrology signified to the people of other days? Can we mediævalize our cosmology? We are not in touch with the past if we cannot do so much. That curious necromantic adventure of which Benvenuto Cellini tells us was hardly a fanciful creation to the man who described it. "The idea of regular law guiding the universe was unfamiliar to the contemporaries of Francis Bacon," writes Trevelyan. "The fields around town and hamlet were filled, as soon as the day labourers had left them, by goblins and will-o'-the-wisps; and the woods, as soon as the forester had closed the door of his hut became the haunt of fairies; the ghosts could be heard gibbering all night under the yew-tree of the churchyard." And he quotes from a diary of the time as follows:

"Mr. Harley, my host at Huntington, told me this night, supping with me, that he being before a farmer and 24 horses for plows, 12 horses and 30 cattle were bewitched and died in two days, suddenly sick, crying and grinning and staring; in the end was advised to burn a sick horse alive and so did, and after had no more died: another did so by his sheep by Harley's advice: none after died. And Harley said a known witch advised him to burn the heart by roasting on a spit, and the witch would come to the door before the heart roasted."⁵ In such a state of culture as this, intolerance and fear were as natural as, with our new science and cosmology, it would be unnatural to-day.

Economic opinions and theories change. For one period we must form our economic judgment according to the "Mercantile Theory," or a theory which calls for a minute regulation of the

⁵ Trevelyan, *England Under the Stuarts*, p. 53f. See Chaps. I-II; also Traill, *Social England*.

conditions and rewards of production, or a theory of *laissez faire*. The medium of exchange and standard of price may be a quantity of tobacco, a prime beaver skin. In Massachusetts, the General Court orders (1635) that "muskett bullets, of a full boare, shall passe currantly for a farthing a peece, provided that noe man be compelled to take above Xijd att a tyme in them." Public dues are payable in corn instead of coin. The holding of land may involve the farmer in the multitudinous obligations, such as to pay "at the feast of Christmas, 1 hen and a half, the hen being the price of 1½d." In South Carolina, in 1778, a freehold of fifty acres with other qualifications entitled a man to vote. We must think of trans-Atlantic voyages in other years not in days but months: of trans-continental journeys not by the "Overland Limited," but by long-boat, birch-bark, river, portage, and lake; on horse, in stage, in *traineau de glace*. If we would envisage the past at any moment, in any aspect, we must bear in mind the stage of institutional development attained at that time and place. Yet, after all, under the most favorable conditions of study, our own personality and experience will affect any judgment or image we may form; hence the transitory quality of much historical writing.

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"THE JEW THAT MARLOWE DREW"

The relation of the playwright with the playgoers must ever be close, since the audience as a whole condition the dramatic poet, and explain him.—*Professor Brander Matthews.*

I.

"I am glad," said Mr. Andrew Lang some years ago, "that I never saw *The Merchant of Venice* acted, and that on my delight of it nothing that is of the stage stogy can intrude." There cannot of course be any question that Mr. Lang's delight of the comedy is somewhat different from what it would be had he seen it performed sometime in a theatre. Since the visualization of plays in manuscript is a feat so difficult that experts confess to being baffled more often than not in giving their definitive judgments, it is obvious enough that in considering any of Shakespeare's plays as dramas-of-the-closet, so-called, their primal quality, the reason for their being, will remain for the reader behind closed shutters. In restricting to the study the appreciation of a dramatic piece, whatever the imagined gain may be, there are certain both beauties and blemishes that must be to the bookman irreparably lost.

As every successful playwright always must be,—and as Milton, for illustration, essentially was not,—Shakespeare was a child of his time. It is impossible rightly to judge of his work without a fairly comprehensive understanding of the public he addressed. In seeing one of his dramas to-day, it is not sufficient for the student of dramaturgy merely to view the impression of the play, in its modern setting, on modern spectators; he must also bring to bear upon his consideration of the piece the fact that to the theatre-goers of over three centuries ago it made a somewhat different appeal. He perceives then that it is nothing against the fame of the author of *As You Like It* and *King Lear* to have passed through the sanguinary turgescence of *Titus Andronicus* and the euphuistic unreality of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Even *Hamlet*, which Professor Brander Matthews once designated "outwardly a mere tragedy-of-blood," owes much, if not most, of its

perennial stage success to its conventional and traditional ghost, clowns, processions, combats, madness (real and feigned), play within the play, poisoning and final carnality; while many of the intrinsic beauties which we to-day see in the drama were not even dreamt of by the theatre-goers for which it was designed.

Had they been consistent in their panegyrics, the old-time Shakespearean encomiasts would have found many things in the poet's most deservedly popular plays that to their criteria were not as they should be; many stage effects (horse-play, spectacle, military encounter, and so on) that were projected to glut the eyes of the crowd. Such effects,—excellent in their way,—one need not very sedulously search for in the scenes of *The Taming of the Shrew*, or *King Richard the Third*, or *Julius Cæsar*. Shakespeareolaters (two years since, in one of our leading magazines, a university professor had the temerity to call the poet a "thoroughly human Man" [*sic*]) seem never able to retain in their memories the truism that the master craftsman of *Othello* and *The Tempest* is responsible also for *Cymbeline* and *Troilus and Cressida*; that he wrote to please the crass populace before he wrote to please himself, and that the real wonder is that his worst parts, from our point of view, are not worse than they are.

These lovers presumably do not read *Titus Andronicus*: it is so simple a matter to prove that Shakespeare composed, if any portion, only the better part of this concerto in horror; as also, the brutal brothel-scenes in the ill-constructed *Pericles* can be, with little trouble, laid on the shoulders of another. But *Titus Andronicus*, which is a few years younger than Marlowe's popular *Jew of Malta*, was one of the best-paying productions of its day; and it is just the sort of piece the young Stratford would have been most likely to write. The reason for its success is not far to seek when one examines the quality and quantity of horror it offered the turbulent theatre-goer for whom it was put together. "But it is far too repulsive in plot and treatment," Mr. Sidney Lee avers, "to take rank with Shakespeare's acknowledged work." We need, indeed, not accept it as Shakespeare's simply because Meres, in 1598, said it was by him, or because it happened to be included in the Folio of 1623. There are per-

haps those who deem it unfortunate, but it is undeniable that the raw young man from Stratford came to London to make money; and it will take considerably more than any statement to the contrary of Edward Ravenscroft's to prove that William Shakespeare did not lend an eager quill to the shaping of the popular revenge-tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*.

II.

"While the principles of art are immutable," says Lowell, in a discursive paper on *Swinburne's Tragedies*, "their application must accomodate itself to the material supplied them by the time and by the national character and traditions." It is especially to the traditional materials of art and to the character of the public that we must look with sympathetic gaze if we are to deal seriously and broadly with the works of Marlowe or Shakespeare. Since in those days the stage was the sole means by which a man of letters could earn his precarious livelihood, it may not have been through any choice of his own that he addressed the mixed crowds which foregathered in the general playhouses; and, besides, in the reign of the Virgin Queen the vocation of playwright was not a highly honored profession. If Marlowe's public was less sensitive than we like to believe the Sophoclean audience was, and know Molière's playgoers to have been, it was surely superior to the uncouth, wooden-headed concourse for which Plautus wrote; and Lope de Vega's public, which flourished in much the same way as the pugnacious subjects of Elizabeth, is perhaps the nearest likeness we can draw. Bacon and Sidney could not permit themselves to find pleasure in ruthless blood-tragedies, though Sir Philip approved of the operose *Gorboduc* of Sackville and Norton. That the gallants of the Elizabethan audience, however, were not mentally of a very high type we learn from contemporaneous accounts of how they misbehaved themselves from their stools on the stage during the progress of the play. Very probably, their superior training was such as to enable them to perceive certain beauties forever veiled to the rabble, but for the most part, no doubt, the dandies joined the majority in its lusty approbation of fiery bombast and grim humor. About 1590, moreover, the public play-

houses were not nearly so popular with the gallants as they became a decade or so later; and the women in the theatre, when there were any, were not of good repute.

In the second act of Ben Jonson's *The Case is Altered*, Valentine summarily describes the audience of his time (1599) in these terms: "The people generally are very acceptive, and apt to applaud any meritable work, but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory: one is the rude barbarous crew, a people that have no brains and yet grounded judgments; these will hiss anything that mounts above their grounded capacity. . . . And the capricious gallants have taken such a habit of dislike in all things that they will approve nothing, be it never so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces, and spitting." When Messrs. Seccombe and Allen tell us that "Marlowe pandered to that portion of the London crowd which rose at *Titus Andronicus*," it signifies nothing more, of course, than that the young playwright possessed, like Shakespeare, good common sense.

The proletarian mass, then, it was that a drama must please if it were to prove a success; and it was this quantity of barren spectators that the author of *The Jew of Malta* had constantly in mind. Fortunately for him and for us, Marlowe did not emulate Terence in ignoring the taste of his public. But for all their clamoring after "strutting and furious vociferation" (to borrow Jonson's characterization of the immensely popular *Tamburlaine*), they did not frown on any new variations or higher aspirations of the poet. They did not go to their *pleghús*, as Tolstoy went to the opera, with supersensitive conscience and hypercritical attitude.—

Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen.

Marlowe's sturdy adherents were above all willing to play the game with the dramatic artist. Not knowing of anything else, they cared not if instead of graceful girls to enact their heroines they got awkward boys, and they had no quarrel because the platform used for the stage was bare of shiftable painted scenery; so long as they were at liberty to chat and reprehend, drink and eat, these 'penny' spectators in the 'yard' were quite content.

And if they took delight in the brutal bear-baiting, and were gruff and uncultured, they were also healthily fun-loving, open-minded, and not devoid of a robust, ready imagination.

III.

"*The Merchant of Venice* was designed tragically by the author," said Rowe in 1709; and Dr. Furness is responsible for the declaration that "there is no ground for the belief that Shylock was ever presented on the stage in a comic light." Karl Mantzius, in his *History of Theatrical Art*, takes a rather naïve view. In Shakespeare's time, concludes the Danish actor, "Shylock was probably acted as it was written, neither comically nor tragically, or, as we may say in one word, humanly." It may not be amiss to recall to memory, then, since it appears so easily forgettable, that the Irishman, Macklin, was the first actor to play Shylock in a tragic key, and that his conception of the rôle was not disclosed until near the middle of the eighteenth century.

In an elegy on Burbage, the original Jew, who ranted fiercely in the part, Shylock is referred to as—

"the red-hair'd Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh."

And in a ballad on *The Merchant of Venice*, by Thomas Jordan, an actor, published in 1664, Shylock is thus delineated:—

"His beard was red ; his face was made
Not much unlike a witches,
His chin turn'd up, his nose hung down,
And both ends met together."

It would be unwise to attach to these allusions sufficient weight for reaching the conclusion that Shakespeare's Jew was not enacted very 'humanly' in the beginning of his career; but added to our knowledge of the customs of stage impersonation of the period and the clearly defined appetency of the Elizabethan playgoer, they come doubtless to possess a value beyond that of casual interest.

After the death of Burbage, in 1620, Shakespeare's play was not publicly performed till 1701, when the alteration by Baron

Lansdowne, with the comedian Thomas Dogget as Shylock, was put on at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. As it had become a matter of tradition that the impersonator of Shylock should wear a red wig, much surprise was manifested when the elder Kean, likely because he possessed no other, dressed the part in a black one. All of which goes to show that our Shylock has but little in common with the early Shylock, and that the sympathetic treatment the Jew received at the hands of Henry Irving would not long have been tolerated by the audience which gathered at the Globe. We may feel, with Professor A. W. Ward, safely convinced "that the sympathy aroused by Shylock is merely the result of the unconscious tact with which he was incidentally humanized by Shakespeare."

IV.

Before proceeding further I should perhaps admit to finding myself somewhat at variance with Professor Matthews's convenient theory of "the eternal verities of dramaturgy." In the main, of course, it is manifest enough that "the art of the drama has essential principles which are the same throughout the ages," but this dictum may be very easily driven to an uncritical extreme. On seeing *Œdipe-Roi*, as it is reverently given to-day at the Théâtre français, one cannot help realize,—recalling the while how far removed even this performance is from the representation at the immense, open-air theatre of Dionysus a score of centuries ago,—that here we are considering a phase of the art much differing, often substantially, from a contemporary rendering of, say, *Mid-Channel*, in London or New York.

Now, *The Jew of Malta* has its essential struggle (however arbitrary and absurd) just as *John Gabriel Borkman* has, but it is certainly not feasible unreservedly to gauge these plays by the selfsame criterion. Even the best of us, though we are seldom willing to own as much, are measurably bored by many circumstances attendant upon a present-day Shakespearean performance,—and that more especially, no doubt, at the simple, antiquated presentations of the Benson Players and of Mr. Ben Greet's Company. This is not of course to be marvelled at, since Shakespeare wrote for another kind of audience, a different school

of actors, and a theatre of a peculiar shape. Mr. Lang has his appreciable advantage in not seeing Shakespeare played, but his loss as critic, irrefragably, is much greater than his gain.

V.

In any careful examination of *The Jew of Malta* it is important to keep in mind at all times the life of its author. His brief career was a disordered one. He was master of arts, but his scholarship could scarce be called sound. He was ever daring and original in his endeavor; unlike his colleagues, he did not deign to borrow in his plays. Though not authoritative, there is no justifiable cause for doubting the report that he broke his leg while playing "in one lewd scene": he would have been that sort of actor. He was never "the gentle," but of a hot-blooded disposition, "threatening the world with high-astounding terms." He differed indeed from his most famous pupil almost to the degree that Faustus differs from Prospero. And down the centuries Shakespeare has been his worst enemy; commentators have found it seemingly impossible to refrain from invidious comparisons. Perchance some castigate the moon for not having the radiance of the sun; but there are those of us who can find pure beauty in the pale decreasing orb even at sunrise.

Many years since, Professor Dowden pointed out that Shakespeare, like Goethe, could stand aloof from his work, something that Marlowe, like Schiller, found impossible of accomplishment. Shakespeare is universal, platitudinized Richpin, in his preface to the French edition of Marlowe; but the author of *Faustus*, he went on, "tel du moins que le montre l'œuvre dramatique de sa vie si brève, est spécial à son temps. Ses héros en ont l'ardeur frénétique, le souffle furieux, la féroce et superbe audace d'ambition, de crime, de sacrilège, avec ce je ne sais quoi qui fait aimer les monstres quand ils sont beaux."

Marlowe and Shakespeare, then, except for their poetry — and they are of course both something more than poets — are essentially of an age. The terrible tragedy of Mrs. Siddons would hardly be endured by us in the same theatre with the exquisitely shaded emotional art of Mrs. Fiske, or Mrs. Campbell; yet we

have never hesitated to allow Sarah Siddons her place as one of the foremost tragediennes of all time. To some, I can well imagine, this exaltation of Marlowe as a playwright may appear to belittle his niche in the history of literature, but it seems, in our twentieth century, the only sane and fair way in which to appreciate his dramatic attributes.

VI.

We have abundant proof that *The Jew of Malta* was an enormously popular piece. "Rd at the Jewe of maltuse, the 26 of febrearye 1591—l.s."—that is the first entry regarding Marlowe's play to be found in Henslowe's *Diary*. From this date until the fourteenth of May, 1596, *The Jew of Malta* is mentioned no fewer than thirty-five times. The last record of the play in the Henslowe manuscript runs as follows: "Lent unto the littell tayller, the same daye [19 May 1601] for more thinges for the Jewe of malta, some of X-s." In 1594 the popularity of Marlowe's piece was at its topmost; then the receipts begin to show a decline. Between April 7 and December 9 of this year it was performed thirteen times,—in the month of June alone four performances were given. This is a remarkable record for those days; the play was for a space the most lucrative piece in the crafty manager's repertory. During this period it had been performed by the Queen's Men (probably originally, Mr. Fleay suggests), by the Lord Strange's Company at the Rose, and then by Sussex's Players, and by the lord admiral's and the lord chamberlain's men. The drama was not published till 1633, after its revival at the Cockpit and presentation at court by Queen Henrietta's Men, with Richard Perkins in the name-part. This was more than two score years since the play was written.

In 1818 Kean appeared as Barabas at Drury Lane. At this revival of *The Jew of Malta*, which counted twelve performances, the Penley alteration was used. "Owing to Kean's exertions in Barabas," says Dyce, "it was very favorably received." But in an ingenuous anonymous biography of the actor, published in 1835, we find the following: "It was not likely to succeed, notwithstanding the tragedian added to the character a song, which he sang in a sweet and florid style. Kean's death, in

this play, was a fine piece of pantomimic acting. *The Jew of Malta* failed."

To enter into the interesting subject of the adventures of *The Jew of Malta* in Dutch, German, and French, is beyond the scope of this paper, but it may not be out of place briefly to indicate its early career in German garb. In Dresden, Herr Albrecht Wagner has recorded, the "Tragödie von Barabas, Juden von Malta" was played as early as 1626, and in Prague there was performed, in 1651, "ein Stück 'von dem reichen Juden von Maltua.'" In 1607-8, at Passau and Graz, pieces "von dem Juden" had been presented, but it is uncertain whether they had anything in common with Marlowe's *Jew*.

Marlowe's play has the predominant ingredients of the early Elizabethan drama, the 'ghost' alone being conspicuous by his absence; and it surpasses, in this way, everything that precedes it. *The Spanish Tragedy*, and *Soliman and Perseda*, in which eighteen persons meet more or less violent deaths on the stage, are outdone, dramaturgically, in their own field by Marlowe's tragedy-of-blood. Barabas is more interesting and better equipped for his nefarious work than the magniloquent Tamburlaine before him. The Elizabethans delighted in the dominating personage, nearly omnipotent in his career; and the character of the Maltese Jew was never quite equalled in this respect by any of his contemporaries.

With Edward Alleyn, he of the thunderous voice and Olympic physique, to strut and bellow as Barabas, there is no cause for doubting that Marlowe's melodrama was about as thoroughly satisfactory stage entertainment as the Elizabethan knew. No one can gainsay that the theatre-goer who saw *The Jew of Malta* got full value for his money, and was justified in urging his friend and neighbor to see the play, if he considers for a few moments what Barabas accomplishes in the two hours' traffic of his stage. The interest in the Jew, as with his confrère, the Duke of Gloster, begins with the rise of the curtain on the first act, when he is discovered counting his gold, and from that instant the spectator's chief desire should be to witness, with bated breath, the flamboyant atrocities this knave takes such malignant satisfaction in perpetrating.

VII.

From the crudest synopsis of events it becomes apparent that there is no want of strenuous action in *The Jew of Malta*, and that, first of all, is what Marlowe's spectators craved. Generally stated, the salient characteristics of the Elizabethan drama are these: absurd improbability and physical horror of story, non-development of character, lack of unity in plot, and incoherency of construction. These qualities the play we are considering to no little degree possesses, and we must not lose sight of the fact that by the stalwart theatre-goers of that age these qualities were not counted as faults. And to Professor Saintsbury's remark that "Marlowe was totally destitute of humor," we must make a kindred reservation; it is not hard to imagine with what roars and guffaws the boisterous Elizabethans, who, as Mr. John Corbin has pointed out, laughed at torture and insanity, greeted the last speech of the dying Barabas.

The arbitrary plot of the drama — and *The Jew of Malta* is not, like *Doctor Faustus*, which immediately precedes it, a mere sequence of scenes — is clearly set forth, still with an ample amount of elaboration to show up the flagitious malfeasance of the protagonist; and the action rises by leaps and bounds. After the first act, climax is piled upon climax; yet the final curtain falls with no weakening in the scheme of horrors. The scene (Act IV, first half) depicting the murder of Barnardine is one of the most remarkable bits of its kind to be found in dramatic literature. The fable is preposterous, of course; but, for the matter of that, what boy, after Eton, is credulous enough to take seriously the stories of the three caskets and the pound of flesh? The play is well-nigh devoid of any true characterization. Ithamore, drawn in blackest black, and pitiable Abigail are bare sketches; they serve their purpose only as they are acted upon by their lord and master. The poetry, heavy at times, is often suggestive and picturesque, and it is nearly always admirably adapted to the human voice. In fine, as Hazlitt said of *Every Man in his Humor*, "this play acts better than it reads."

VIII.

The majority of critics, as we know (Lowell being the brilliant exception), agree that the first two acts of *The Jew of Malta* are measurably superior to those succeeding, their allegation being based, of course, upon the conduct of the protagonist. Dyce and Symonds, among others, account for this by assuming that the play was finished under high pressure. Hallam considers the first two acts to be "more vigorously conceived than any other Elizabethan play, except those of Shakespeare;" but adds that "the latter acts are a tissue of uninteresting crimes and slaughter." The habitu  of the Rose Playhouse, we may be certain, would have objected to the 'uninteresting.' Dr. Ward is willing to believe, and Dr. Lee concurs with him, that "the grosser portions of the last three acts are due to later insertions by other hands." Again it behoves us only to ratiocinate congruously — to keep steadfastly in view Marlowe's "fine madness" and a right appreciation of "the swelling bombast" of his earlier work. These rough portions stamp *The Jew of Malta*, were we not otherwise sure of it, as Marlowe's own.

"Why the poet," asks Mr. A. H. Bullen, "who started with such clear-eyed vision and stern resolution, swerved so blindly and helplessly from the path, is a question that may well perplex critics. Was the artist's hand paralysed by the consciousness of an inability to work out in detail the great conception? . . . It is a sheer impossibility to believe that the play in its present form represents the poet's finished work." It is quite safe to say that Marlowe's hand was not 'paralysed' during the execution of the latter part of his most successful play, and it is not unreasonable to assume that the natural pressure under which the piece was to all appearances completed finds its cause in the dramatist's obvious method of application to his task. As certain incongruities of 'comic relief' in *Faustus* meanfully strike a careful observer, so the magnificent insouciance of these latter acts tends only to make *The Jew of Malta* more thoroughly and completely Marlowesque. Such anile lapses, however, are not infrequent in our superabundant comment on Elizabethan literature. Coleridge even believed that the Porter's speech, during

the knocking, in *Macbeth* was inserted by a colleague of Shakespeare's to indulge the rabble!

It is true that we can have no sympathy with Barabas after the second act, that he is transformed into a monstrosity, a caricature, perhaps; but I have yet to find anything in this sense worse than his inventory of villainies in the first part of the play. It may be that the beginning of *The Jew of Malta* is a bit too advanced in artistry for a revenge-tragedy. Marlowe probably checked himself with something like Aristotle's 'practical direction' to the effect that the tragic poet "should put himself as much as possible in the place of a spectator." In any case, it is certain that the Elizabethans derived no less pleasure — and the likely chances are that they derived more — from the latter part of his play than from its former half.

IX.

The unique personality has always prospered in the world of the theatre. Medea is an extraordinary woman, and so is Phèdre, and Hedda Gabler; Jaffeir, Wallenstein, and Cyrano de Bergerac stand out from the crowd both in potentiality and idiosyncrasy: and so with the Jew of Malta. Only, the Elizabethans were not content with any mild or commonplace deviations from normality, and therefore Marlowe had to impel the aberrations of Barabas to the utmost extreme. It has been as unfair of critics as it is absurd to measure him within a tragic rule. The red nose the actors wore in the rôle is mentioned in Rowe's *Search for Money*, which appeared over a score of years after *The Jew of Malta* had been produced. That nose must have been the talk of the town for many a moon. On one occasion, Ithamore says to his master — "God-a-mercy, Nose, come let's be gone!" and on another, he exclaims — "O, brave, master! I worship your nose for this." And in the third act the slave is in all likelihood the voice of his audience when he speaks to Abigail of her father in these flattering terms: "O mistress, ha, ha, ha! O my master! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle, bottle-nosed knave to my master, that ever gentleman had."

Barabas has been maltreated in various ways, misconceived and misleading. To Swinburne he was "a mere mouthpiece for

the utterance of poetry as magnificent as any but the best of Shakespeare's." Lamb and Collier dismiss the Jew with the same phrase — to them he is "a mere monster." He is brought in, continues Elia, "with a large painted nose to please the rabble." Lowell calls Barabas "shocking and not terrible," adding that "Shakespeare makes no such mistake with Shylock;" and Dr. Brandes expresses an opinion of like tenor. Is it not dramaturgically consistent that the villain, if he is heroic in his villainy, should not be quite so base during the first two acts as in the succeeding three? I think the difference between the early and the later Barabas is more of degree than of kind. The playwright at no time deviates from his plan. There is no concealment about the Jew's malignancy; he claims kinship, not with Tartuffe, but with Iago.

There is a certain morbid, and possibly ludicrous, fascination about the ingenuous miscreant. He is a rare being, "fram'd of finer mould than common men," — and his favorite word is 'cunning.' At his surprise because Ithamore had brought a ladle along with the pot of rice he had been sent for, the slave explains: "Yes, sir; the proverb says, he that eats with the devil had need of a long spoon; I have brought you a ladle." To the Elizabethans this reply by Ithamore seemed rather facetious. Lowell said once that "there is no resemblance between the Jew of Malta and the Jew of Venice, except that both have daughters whom they love," — and perhaps it would be unprofitable to pursue the investigation further.

There were not a great number of Jews in London at this time, but, so far as we know, they were generally held in antipathy. The similarity between the Maltese Jew and the successful Portuguese, Juan Miquez (Josef Nassi) of history, suggested by Herr Leon Kellner, though striking and interesting, is of nugatory significance in any study of the play as a play. Wherever the germ may have come from, this character is the child of the dramatist's brain. Marlowe could not of course have done better than to make his hero a Jew and to give him the name of Barabas.

Machiavel, who makes his first appearance in our dramatic literature in this piece, is the sponsor for the protagonist, and

in the prologue he requests that Barabas be not "entertained the worse because he favors me." But the Elizabethans, we know, had a most perverted conception of the Italian politician. Mr. Edward Meyer, in his little volume on *Machiavelli and the English Drama*, maintains "that had the *Principe* never been written, Marlowe's three great heroes would not have been drawn with such gigantic strokes." The inspiration for Barabas, this scholar surmises, was found in Patericke's translation of Gentillet's *Anti-Mediæval*. In the body of *The Jew of Malta* there is no direct borrowing from the writings of the Florentine, and in the prologue there are but two expressions drawn from him.

Professor Ward fancies that "haste of execution was the chief cause which prevented Marlowe from achieving a character instead of a caricature." Keeping to the front in our consideration, however, the temperament and youth of Marlowe (he was but twenty-five when creating the Jew), we find that it does not necessarily follow that this was the reason for Barabas becoming what he did. And we must not overlook the circumstance that, like Tamburlaine, this rôle was designed for the great tragedian, Alleyn; it was he who was to make the play successful. Moreover, and what is of deeper consequence, the Jew becomes what he is, as the lascivious Friars are what they are, primarily because of the demands of the spectators for whom he was drawn. In this M. Félix Rabbe, the French translator of Marlowe, concurs: "Marlowe abandonnait son Juif aux passions de son public: il le faisait, comme le voulait et comme le voudra longtemps encore la tradition théâtrale, un fantoche à la fois odieux et grotesque."

X.

Hazlitt said that *The Jew of Malta* was "extreme in act and outrageous in plot and catastrophe," and Lowell agreed with this view when he defined its hero as "the mere lunacy of dis-tempered imagination." Genest was truly not captious in his naïve summary. "There are some strange things in this play," he wrote, "but on the whole it is a fine tragedy." A German scholar, Herr E. Mory, has written a treatise on *Marlowe's Jude von Malta und Shakspeare's Kaufmann von Venedig*, extolling

how facilely, in psychology of character and poetic execution, the Swan of Avon overrides his ill-starred precursor; and with him, of course, there should not be any quarrel.

In any profitable consideration of *The Jew of Malta*, it behoves us to base our judgment, as Lowell put it, "not on proof that a work possesses some of the qualities of another whose greatness is acknowledged, but on the immediate feeling that it carries to a high point of perfection certain qualities proper to itself." To the playgoers of the last decade of the sixteenth century Marlowe's melodrama, giving them in turbulent action just the sort of aggrandized ideas they most delighted in, seemed a thing of great beauty. And we may be quite certain that, in those exuberant days, *The Jew of Malta* was awaited and welcomed at the theatre with no less avidity than *The Merchant of Venice*.

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SOME PHASES OF RECENT STUDY IN ENGLISH VERSIFICATION *

Contemporary students of English metrics may be roughly divided into three classes according to the attitude which they adopt toward the subject. First, there are the classicists, those who accept the traditional views of verse structure as correct and fully adequate for all purposes, whether as a standard by which the poets should write and by which their works should be judged, or as a means of analysis for the study of versification. Under this system, they contend, the great poets of the nation have written, nor have the great scholars found it deficient, although they have seen fit to modify it somewhat by considering that in English verse accent has to a great measure superseded quantity. Opposed to this view stand the moderns, who, while admitting that under the old system genius has not failed to express itself, assert that the great works have not in any way been the result of the system, but in spite of it, often in flagrant violation of its tenets, and that no real knowledge of verse structure can be obtained as long as past precepts are adhered to. These men find themselves hampered by what they consider the preconceived and antiquated notions of the classicists, and recommend a more minute and scientific method of procedure than has as yet been conducted. Between the two contesting parties lies a third, almost purely negative class, which, while realizing that the classical view is not altogether satisfactory, nevertheless adheres to it, because no method has been devised to take its place. The men of this class recognize the beauty of poetic form and are ready to transfer their allegiance to any theory which will offer them the best explanation of the phenomena. One may be enraptured at the iridescence of the rainbow and wish to call the attention of others to its beauty without

*Verrier's *Principes de la Métrique Anglaise*, in three volumes (Paris: Welter, 1909-1910); Jakob Schipper's *A History of English Versification* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1910); and Brander Matthews's *A Study of Versification* (Houghton Mifflin Company).

caring very materially about the refractiveness of light. Their interest is of a purely æsthetic nature.

Three books which embody to a more or less definite degree these attitudes have recently appeared.

A History of English Versification, by Jakob Schipper, is an almost direct translation of his *Grundriss der Englischen Metrik* (Wien, 1895), an abridged edition of the author's three-volumed *Englische Metrik*, which appeared some twenty years ago. The work is broad in its scope, purporting to give the history of all the traditional forms from the time of the earliest English poets down to the present day. The first part of the book concerns itself with the various hypotheses maintained by eminent scholars in regard to Old English alliterative verse. Dr. Schipper favors Sievers's view and follows him closely in his treatment of the subject. In considering Modern English as well as Old and Middle English, the care with which he seeks out the minutest variations from the accepted forms is remarkable. There is the closest cataloguing of what, according to his view, the poets have done with the various feet and rhyme combinations, of where they have found the set stanzaic forms, and of the use which they have made of them. As a reference book the *Englische Metrik* is of undoubted value, but in compressing it into one volume, much has been lost on account of the extreme brevity with which some of the important modern forms are treated and the disproportionate stress laid upon the earlier poets. One cannot turn from the book without questioning the profit to be had from a study of metrics so immersed in detail as to obliterate almost completely the finer feeling for harmony, rhythm, and proportion, and which can lead to any such criticism of the "God-gifted organ-voice of England" as the following:

"Milton's verse, it is true, cannot be said to be always very melodious. On the contrary, it sometimes can be brought into conformity with the regular scheme of the five-foot verse only by level stressing and by assigning full value to syllables that in ordinary pronunciation are slurred or elided.

"Generally, however, Milton's blank verse has a stately rhythmical structure all its own, due to his masterly employment of the whole range of metrical artifices."

Does not *metrical artifices* strike the ear with peculiar discord? Great poetry is as natural as song, and the laws underlying its structure rest in the heart of the universe. Surely the fault must be found in the critic and not in the poet, when the great masters, such as Milton and Shakespeare, are the ones most frequently censured for lack of form. They have their limitations, of course, but nine-tenths of the errors attributed to them are due to the yard-stick by which their poems are measured and to a lack of appreciation of rhythm on the part of the critic.

At last comes a work which for the number of questions that it settles definitely should be accorded the first place among all treatises yet produced on metrics. In *Les Principes de la Métrique Anglaise*, Dr. Paul Verrier does what other students of metrics have been conspicuously slow to do — he utilizes the materials placed at his disposal by workers in other branches of science. With these facts and with an almost universal knowledge of languages as a basis upon which to found his own investigations, the results could not be other than significant. The third volume, entitled *Notes de la Métrique Expérimentale*, is given over almost entirely to a description of these experiments. There are charts of sound waves, drawings of apparatus for experiments in acoustics, and pages sprinkled with mathematical formulæ containing symbols of functions and variables. The physio-psychologist is seeking in human and in universal nature for the basis of æsthetic value. In the first two volumes he applies to English verse the results of his experiments, which may be thus briefly summarized in a translation of the last paragraph of his work:

“Poetry is nothing less than a veritable song. Without doubt the intervals are less precise, smaller even than ordinarily, and the sonority less powerful than in the musical song, but the melody is nevertheless almost as clearly characterized; the setting according to the beauty of the sounds of the language is at the same time more in respect to their timbre and more delicately shaded; the isochronal character of the rhythmic intervals is also absolute in principle and not less scrupulously observed; the organization of the rhythm into metre is as complex as it is regular, although it admits of so many artistic variations.”

It is hard to understand, however, why Dr. Verrier, after having established the rhythmical identity of music and verse, can still continue to consider English poetry as both accentual, in contradistinction to quantitative, and metrical. His experiments do not warrant any such conclusion. If verse is a veritable song, then it must be both accentual and quantitative; it cannot be metrical, unless the present definition of metre be altered somewhat.

No musical sound possesses any intrinsic value in either duration or intensity. The musician deliberately assigns to the tones such value as he sees fit. He groups them quantitatively, and then, in order that the grouping may be the more readily grasped by the ear, he marks it off by the use of accents. While the raw material of verse is not so plastic as that of music, the principle is the same. Within certain bounds, the poet, too, deliberately assigns quantitative relations to the syllables. These relations he makes the more apparent by accentuation. In some languages the quantitative value of the syllables is more definitely fixed than in others; but, as long as the human organs of speech and hearing are what they are, both accent and quantity must be present if there is to be rhythm of the same nature as that found in music. This does not mean that any given syllable is always of double the time value of another syllable, or vice versa, but it does mean that in reciting verse we deliberately apportion the syllables so that they are pronounced in definite periods of time and bear to one another set ratios. But the ratio need not be as one to two or two to one, although this is prevailingly the case. So insistent is the ear in its demand for both quantity and accent, that, in the familiar example of the ticking of the clock, where quantity alone is present, we unconsciously assign to every other beat an accent, which in reality it does not possess. Music without accent is colorless, vague, irritating in the extreme. The music of the negroes is more strongly accentual than that to which we are accustomed, but it is none the less quantitative. It so happens that the English habit of speech is such that the accents are strongly marked, and its accentual quality is thus made more prominent than the qualitative; but, if there is to be rhythm,

there must be quantity plus something else whose function it is to indicate to the ear the quantitative groups. In English verse this something is accent.

Verrier opens his discussion of metre with this statement: "The metres are, for the most part, traditional and ordinarily not very numerous. Therefore, they are readily recognized. It is rare that an entirely new metre has been created. In general we are usually content to modify the old ones. Sometimes foreign ones are adopted." He does not attempt to show that the traditional view of metre is correct; why then does he accept it? A closer inquiry just here would have saved him much trouble when later he comes to consider the linear arrangement of verse, which with this definition, "the common form in which several rhythmic sections are arranged," he considers as metre. Since verse is music, the ear must be the test in all such cases. Does the ear note the linear arrangement of verse, except when the phrasal pause and sometimes the rhyme come at the end of the line? Emphatically, no. Then the line cannot be the common form in which the several rhythmic sections are arranged. In music this common form is the phrase. Attentive reading will reveal the same thing to be true of verse. The words are grouped in fixed temporal sections, between each of which comes a pause more or less marked, so that the auditor is conscious of a larger rhythmical scheme superimposed upon the primary rhythm, or the rhythm of the foot. It is, indeed, strange that Verrier with his evident knowledge of musical form should have overlooked this point.

To these three volumes the author contemplates adding another, to be entitled *Métrique Historique*. If this work fulfils the expectation aroused by what has already appeared, its publication will leave metricians few points about which to cavil.

Of quite a different type from either of the preceding works is *A Study of Versification*, by Brander Matthews. It establishes no new principles, nor does it even show dissatisfaction with existing standards, but, accepting them, applies them to English verse in as untechnical terms as possible. The chapters are such a series of lectures as might be delivered before an undergraduate college class. The book is less a study of poetic form

than a plea for a broader appreciation of this aspect of poetry. There is no carping at the great poets when they do things that are irreconcilable with present notions; the irregularities are noted, but they are regarded as the result of genius too sublime to be restricted by any shackles that conventionality can place upon it. Analysis is an intellectual process; to be enjoyed, the beauty of poetic form must be felt. He points out clearly, however, that, although the poets have not allowed themselves to be restricted unduly, they have not been lawless. Rather have they been a law unto themselves. As in the coördinated movement of the dance, physical motion attains its greatest perfection, so the poetic spirit finds its most complete expression when subjecting itself to the laws of its own nature. Too deep an absorption in the formal side of poetry is apt to deaden our appreciation of its great æsthetic value. To read *A Study of Versification* is to be impressed with a greater reverence for the genius that has guided the poets in their choice and mastery of the materials in which as artists they have been compelled to work.

It does not take the eye of a seer to foresee the coming of the day when the writer on metrics will be compelled to give due consideration to the history of verse form, to its actual nature, and to its æsthetic value. Progress toward that time is being made gradually and effectively. At present the most potent factors delaying the general introduction of this broader conception of poetics are three:—(1) a lack of theoretical knowledge of music among educators; (2) the need of a suitable textbook from which to teach; (3) the want of a prerequisite musical training among those who enter college. The teaching of music in the public schools will, in a great measure, remedy the last; the second will certainly be supplied when the demand becomes sufficiently urgent; in the first lies the great difficulty. How shall the teachers themselves be trained?

CARY F. JACOB.

University of Virginia.

REVIEWS

A LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA. By Barrett Wendell. Fifth edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When a serious book has gone into its fifth edition, as has Professor Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America*, and bids fair to become a classic, the errors it contains swell to an importance beyond those of ordinary books. It may therefore be advisable to indicate some that have crept into this otherwise admirable treatise, lest they be enshrined in literary history and prove a snare for future writers.

In the opening paragraph of Professor Wendell's book we encounter such a blunder. "Somewhere in the oldest English writings," says the author, "there is an allegory which has never faded." It is the famous story of the swallow which comes from the darkness, flies through the lighted room, and out again into the darkness, and which suggests to the allegorist the life of man on earth. This story Professor Wendell attributes vaguely to an "old poet." The passage, however, was not written by an old poet, but occurs in the prose narrative of the conversion of Ælfric. It has been re-written by Wordsworth into one of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets.

Again, in reading of colonial literature, we are told: "The single work produced in America which by any stretch of language may be held a contribution to Elizabethan letters is a portion of George Sandys's translation of Ovid." It is questionable whether the work of George Alsop, John Norton, John Rogers, Urian Oakes, Nicholas Noyes, Nathaniel Ward, and the author of the *Burwell Papers*, or even the work of Anne Bradstreet, can be called in any real sense literature. But it all displays unmistakably Elizabethan traits. The similarity of Alsop's and Ward's prose to that of Harvey in England, and the Euphuistic strain in the *Burwell Papers* may be slight; but there can be no question that Norton, Oakes, and Noyes consciously imitated Shakespeare's sonnets, or that Rogers was a Spenserian. Consider such lines as these of Norton:—

Ask not why the great glory of the sky,
That gilds the stars with heavenly alchemy,

Ask not the reason of his ecstasy,
Paleness of late, in midnoon majesty;
Why that the pale-faced Empress of the night
Disrobed her brother of his glorious light.

Or these lines of Oakes:—

Could I take the highest flights of fancy; soar
Aloft; if wit's monopoly were mine:
All would be too low, too light, too poor,
To pay due tribute to this great divine [Shepard].
Ah! wit avails not, when the heart's like to break;
Great griefs are tongue-tied, when the lesser speak.

Or these of Noyes:—

Heads of our tribes, whose corps are under ground,
Their names and fames in chronicles renowned,
Begemmed on golden ouches he hath set,
Past envy's teeth and time's corroding fret.

Anne Bradstreet is unmistakably Elizabethan, as in this, in the style of Shakespeare's sonnets:—

O Time, the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivious curtains over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings scape time's rust;
But he whose name is graved in the white stone
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

Her *Contemplations*, from which these lines are taken, has elsewhere the same rhyme scheme as Spenser's hymns in honor of love and beauty, except for a slight change [*a b a b c c c* instead of *a b a b b c c*], and the characteristically Spenserian mannerism of ending the strophe with a long line.

Mrs. Bradstreet is also Baconian. Note the Baconian three-fold balance in such sentences as these: "Youth is the time of getting, middle age of improving, and old age of spending," and "The finest bread hath the least bran; the purest honey, the least wax; and the sincerest Christian, the least self-love." Yet Professor Wendell says that Mrs. Bradstreet "stands alone,

without forerunners or followers," and finds the only parallel in England in Sir John Davies's *Nosce Teipsum*.

Near the other end of the story we have some errors of fact concerning Lanier: "Up to the Civil War, the South had produced hardly any writing which expressed more than a pleasant sense that standard models are excellent." A "ripe example" the author finds in Lanier's *Revenge of Hamish*. Lanier, who never strayed farther from Georgia than Baltimore, has written a highland poem in the style of Scott, without suggestion of the South. Again, his books for boys were on European subjects, his other prose, except for one obscure novel, deals with general æsthetic subjects. The things he chose to deal with are not Southern, but might have come to him from anywhere. Such is Professor Wendell's estimate of the poet.

In the 1901 edition of Lanier's poems there are sixty titles, excluding unrevised early poems. Of these, thirty-six can be identified as the direct outgrowth of the poet's own life, and deal with peculiarly personal experiences. Twenty-seven are landscape scenes, most of them as characteristically Southern as the famous *Marshes of Glynn*. Of the remainder, nineteen may be described as general in character; that is, they deal with sentiments that have no local associations. Only five can by any stretch of argument be considered as imitative in the way in which the *Revenge of Hamish* is imitative. And four of these, including the *Revenge of Hamish*, were composed in Baltimore when Lanier was leading a bookish life, remote from his favorite landscapes of the far south. Furthermore, the Southern landscape poems are, most of them, poems that in subject-matter have no precedent in literature except in the verse of the Charlestonians, Hayne and Timrod; Lanier's verse on musical subjects has no parallel anywhere; and his own attempts at music in language are, as Professor Wendell himself grants, not only original but a daring innovation. To characterize Lanier, then, as a mere imitator of Walter Scott is altogether unjust.

In historical matters the work exhibits some inaccurate or misleading statements. We are informed, for example, that in the time of Sewall's *Diary* [1674-1729] "The whole country from the Piscataqua to Cape Cod, and westward to the Connec-

ticut River, was almost as settled as it is to-day." In 1700 Massachusetts, including Maine, had a population of 70,000; in 1900 Massachusetts alone had 2,800,000. Hence the term 'settled' as used here can hardly apply to population, but must be somewhat vaguely employed in the sense of 'opened for settlement.' Again, on page 79, where colonial colleges are treated, William and Mary [founded in 1693] is omitted entirely, and the statement is made that: "Throughout the seventeenth century, Harvard, then the only school of the higher learning in America, remained the only organized center of American intellectual life." Though it is true that William and Mary can hardly claim to have been an intellectual centre in the seven years of its career in the seventeenth century, it did exert soon afterwards a notable influence on the life and letters of the Virginia Colony, and thus should not be altogether ignored in any comprehensive literary history of our country.

In point of judgment Professor Wendell's book is sometimes open to question. The author, discussing the New England historians, observes that they are free from indecency. Gibbon by contrast, "relished indecency." "Whoever shares this relish," says Professor Wendell, "will find in the untranslated notes to many of his passages plenty of morsels which our present customs forbid us either to translate or to mention in general society." It is perhaps needless to observe that Gibbon was writing a history of the decline of Rome, not a treatise for general society. The purity of the American historians Professor Wendell attributes to "instinctive preference." Fancy an historian writing by the guidance of an "instinctive preference."

The relative amount of space to be allotted to each writer may be largely a matter of individual opinion. But it is surely injudicial to devote a whole chapter to Cotton Mather and another to Jonathan Edwards, and then dismiss Thoreau and Lanier in a few pages of general chapters devoted to groups of writers. Or again, while the early supremacy of New England in literature is indisputable, it is incorrect to state, as does Professor Wendell, that in the seventeenth century the literary history of the remainder of America is negligible; especially when two of the gems of seventeenth century New England

letters which the author includes are the *Bay Psalm Book* and Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*. There is a chapter entitled "Literature in America from 1700 to 1776." But William Byrd of Westover, whose clear, sparkling style is one of the most charming in pre-Revolutionary letters, is omitted, being relegated to a chapter at the end of the book called "The Rest of the Story." In a passage at the end of the book in which Professor Wendell treats, among other writers, Irving, Cooper, and Poe, he observes that that school of writers (Irving, Cooper, and Poe included) "never dealt with deeply significant matters." "For the serious literature of America," he concludes, "we must revert to New England."

The secret of some of these blunders is probably that suggested in the naïve astonishment with which Professor Wendell, coming to the eighteenth century, discovers that at that time "The most important town in America was not Boston, but Philadelphia." In other places Professor Wendell's views are apt to arouse controversy, as when he calls Whittier "superficially commonplace," or Poe "meretricious." But for the most part, genuinely controversial matter is introduced as such and gives to the book no little of its piquancy and character. Is it too much to hope that some day we may have another edition exhibiting all the human charm and the genius of this, but free from fundamental errors, as well as from those errors of judgment which arise from incorrect premises? Such a work might well prove a classic.

JAMES ROUTH.

THE NEW HESPERIDES. By Joel Elias Spingarn. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. 1911.

The prospective reader who opens this slender volume expecting to find in it only such mediocre verse as is most of our present-day poetry, has in store for him a delightful surprise. For these are true poems—of a minor singer, to be sure, but one to whom there has indeed been vouchsafed some portion of the divine afflatus. Finished workmanship, melody, aptness of phrase, depth of passion and of thought—all are here. It would be a pleasure to treat individually and at some length

each of Dr. Spingarn's thirteen poems; instead, a few words of comment must suffice.

The most pretentious poem of the collection is *The New Hesperides*, a noble ode read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Columbia University. Having as its central thought

Only the seeker worthy of the quest
Shall find the perfect land,

it holds that, if

True to ourselves, true to the dream, and true
To the sweet stars emblazoned in the blue,

we may here in our western world come to see

. . . . That happier day
When man with God shall in one godhead reign.

The *Prothalamion* naturally suggests comparison with Spenser's celebrated "spousall verse," than which it is less pagan and sensuous, and correspondingly more thoughtful. But the best poems in the book are the simpler verses gathered under the general title *Young Love*. In these, three characteristics are chiefly apparent: a passion that is genuine, deep and pure; a discerning love of nature; and a use of words that combines precision with music and pleasing imagery. C. M. N.

INTRODUCTION TO BIBLE STUDY. By F. V. N. Painter. Boston: Sibley & Company.

This attractive little volume of two hundred and sixty-five pages is written from a pedagogical point of view and is intended especially for young students. The author's purpose is "to set forth the literary, historical, and ethical value of the Bible." The book consists of fourteen chapters, the first of which deals with the relation of the Bible to modern life. The chapters that follow are discussions of the several books, giving brief analyses of their contents and furnishing an interesting connected narrative of the main facts and incidents of Old Testament history. Its convenient size, its lucid and scholarly presentation of facts,

its supplemental helps, and its up-to-dateness, all combine to make the book valuable not only for the young student but for the general reader as well. R. H. H.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Reuben Post Halleck. New York: American Book Company.

"Any one who makes an original study of American literature will not be a mere apologist for it. . . . American literature has not only produced original work, but it has also delivered a message worthy of humanity." Such is the point of view of Mr. Halleck's new history of American literature, which, uniform with his English literature, is characterized by the same clearness in arrangement, compactness of treatment, vividness of presentation, and attractiveness of style.

ESSAYS FROM "THE GUARDIAN." By Walter Pater. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The tenth volume of the handsome "New Library Edition of the Works of Walter Pater" is given to the nine essays that originally appeared anonymously in *The Guardian* newspaper from 1886 to 1890. Their wide range reveals the writer's catholic taste and unusually fine feeling for the charm of literature.

THE BROKEN WHEEL. By Florence Land May. Boston: The C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

This is a story of San Francisco life after the earthquake and is based upon the 'graft' experiences of that city. The trend of events is considerably confused in the story, and the 'purpose,' if it be a "novel with a purpose," does not clearly appear.

BOOK NOTES

Among the books recently issued by the John Lane Company are the following: *Notable Dames and Notable Men of the Georgian Era*, by John Fyvie, a handsomely illustrated book containing six sketches of men and women, all exhibiting some "peculiarity or quaintness or eccentricity of mind and behaviour such as would have caused our forebears to dub them emphatically 'characters.'" The subjects of these sketches are: Lady Mary Coke, Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, The Countess of Strathmore, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, Elizabeth, Lady Holland, Abraham Tucker. *Secret Societies of the French Revolution*, by Una Birch, seeks to show that through the agencies of the lodges of France "thousands of men, unable to form a political opinion or judgment for themselves, had been awakened to a sense of their own responsibility and their own power of furthering the great movement towards a new order of affairs." In addition to the essay which gives the title to the volume, the book contains other essays on: "The Comte de Saint-Germain," "Religious Liberty and the French Revolution," "Madame de Staël and Napoleon: A Study in Ideals." *The Life of an Enclosed Nun*, by A Mother Superior, gives an account of the outer and inner life of a Roman Catholic convent, and depicts the spiritual joys of existence in a community shut off from the busy world and devoted to religious meditation. "Neither outwardly nor inwardly," declares the Mother Superior, "is there that 'deadly monotony and routine' of which I hear we are accused." Nor does the life seem to be altogether serious or gloomy, as one might suppose, for the character of Mother Margaret, invalided for ten years with rheumatism, yet cheerful, happy, unselfish, full of quiet humor, living in her bare little cell, taming the mice and the sparrows, is thoroughly human and lovable, recalling some of those simple lives of the early church, Cuthbert, Hilda, and Bede. *Demeter's Daughter*, the latest of a long list of novels by Eden Phillpotts, the chronicler of Dartmoor, exhibits the same background of nature made familiar in his other tales and sketched in with the same artist hand so as to form a per-

fect harmony with the characters. Yet it is not so much background as atmosphere, which envelops the characters, becomes a part of every breath they draw in, and takes possession of the reader's mood, tempering and attuning it to full sympathy with events both gay and tragic. But the tragic predominates, and though lightened by many a bit of rustic humor, the tale is as somber as a Greek tragedy, with its characters,—portrayed as they are with vividness, truth, and sympathy,—all overshadowed by a mocking destiny that frustrates every effort to rise above self to higher things. In spite of its gloomy tone, however, it is a book that takes strong hold on the reader from the start, never lets his interest flag, in the development either of character or incident, and does not in the end blur his moral vision.

The Elements of English Versification (Boston: Ginn, 1910) by James Wilson Bright, Ph.D., Litt.D., and Raymond Durbin Miller, Ph.D., is exactly what the title indicates. In about a hundred and fifty pages the authors present the underlying technicalities of the more external side of poetry. The book, although concise, is still sufficiently amplified and illustrated by excellent quotations to permit the teacher to use it as an outline for a fairly comprehensive high school or first year college course.

The University Press of Sewanee has just issued in attractive form a volume of essays entitled *Shakespearean and Other Papers*, by John Bell Henneman, late Professor of English in the University of the South and late Editor of THE SEWANEE REVIEW. Besides a brief preface containing an affectionate tribute by W. P. Trent, there is a biographical sketch by J. Douglas Bruce. The volume will be reviewed in a subsequent issue.

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Longmans, Green, & Co.'s Announcements.

THE REASON OF LIFE.

By WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE, M.A., S.T.D., author of "The Soteriology of the New Testament," "The Gospel According to St. Paul," "High Priesthood and Sacrifice," "The Gospel in the Gospels," etc. Crown 8vo. pp. viii+274. \$1.50 net; By mail, \$1.64. [Immediately.]

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ALEXANDER VIETS GRISWOLD ALLEN. 1841-1908.

By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, D.D., Rector, Grace Church, New York. Large Crown 8vo. With Illustrations. pp. xiv+296. [Immediately.]

AN EIRENIC ITINERARY.

By SILAS MCBEE, Editor of *The Churchman*, New York. Illustrated. 12mo. [Immediately.]

This volume contains a series of seven papers written for *The Churchman* while the author was conferring with the representatives of Churches in Russia, Italy, Egypt, Palestine and Syria, Turkey, Germany, France and England, on behalf of a better understanding between the Church of Christendom.

GOD IN EVOLUTION. A Pragmatic Study of Theology.

By FRANCIS HOWE JOHNSON, author of "What is Reality." Crown 8vo. [October.]

This book is a tentative application of the pragmatic method to religious thought. It contemplates the possibility and the need of a change of base in theology from that of a special divinely authorized revelation to that of the comprehensive revelation that God has made of Himself in nature, in human consciousness, and in the long experience of the human race.

The book contains also an appendix on the use of analogy in speculative thought, in the constructions of science and in ordinary life.

A second appendix concerns itself with an appreciation of the philosophy of Professor Henri Bergson, and its relation to theology.

MEMORIES AND STUDIES.

By WILLIAM JAMES. 8vo.

[October.]

Fifteen essays and addresses contained in this volume were composed for more or less popular audiences during the last years of Professor William James' life, and are now collected in accordance with an unfilled purpose of his own. Some of these pieces, such as those on Louis Agassiz, Emerson and Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, give Professor James' estimate of the great teachers whose names the essays bear. Several, notably an article on Thomas Davidson, are not only the critical estimates of a colleague, but the personal recollections of a student or friend. The essays in the second half of the book, on the other hand, are concerned, not with persons but with the application of the author's psychological and philosophical beliefs to questions of the conduct of life.

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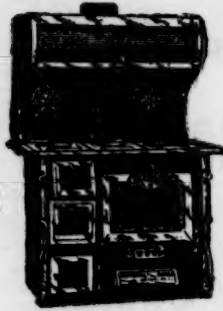
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